



No. 92.—VOL. VIII.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1894.

SIXPENCE.  
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LADY ROSALINE BINGHAM, THE FIANCÉE OF THE MARQUIS OF HAMILTON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.



## THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

*Tuesday.* The Czar is no better. Princess Alix was met by the Czarewitsch at Alushta, and conducted in semi-State, through triumphal arches, and amid much popular enthusiasm, to the Imperial Palace.—The Duke and Duchess of York visited Norwich to open the museum into which the ancient castle, used for 500 years as a prison, has been converted. The occasion was also utilised to celebrate the 700th anniversary of the granting of the Charter to the City by Richard I.—Mr. Balfour held forth in Edinburgh on Disestablishment. He declared that the Church of Scotland enjoyed absolute liberty within her own sphere, and could gain nothing in that direction from Disestablishment, which, in the case of Scotland, was simple and direct plunder.—A Conference of Women Workers was opened at Glasgow. One lady, who had been a domestic servant for a quarter of a century, joined in a discussion on that burning topic.—The Bishop of Winchester, speaking at the Diocesan Conference in Winchester, said that there was to him a comical side to the position adopted by the Roman Catholic Church, which denied the orders and disputed the succession of the episcopacy.—Mr. George Alexander, entertained at luncheon by the Arts Club at Birmingham, opposed Mr. Irving's recent plea at Walsall for a Municipal Theatre.—The Chinese are said to have beaten the Japanese near Wi-ju. The loss on each side was 3000.—The French Chambers opened for the autumn session.—The Portuguese Minister of Marine has submitted to the Cortes a Bill authorising the Government to contract a loan of £2,666,000.

*Wednesday.* The Czar showed no signs of somnolency to-day. His appetite and his spirits were better.—The Home Secretary, addressing his constituents at Newburgh, said that for himself he had no objection to the principle of one vote one value, as well as one man one vote.—The Lord Mayor elect was presented to the Lord Chancellor at the House of Lords.—Sir Thomas Sutherland, M.P., delivering his inaugural address at Stratford as president for the year of the Institution of Marine Engineers, said that yet greater speeds are attainable for steamers if docks and harbours are provided to accommodate ships of growing magnitude. Since 1878 the entrances of British tonnage into our ports have increased from 17 to 27 million tons, mileage by 50 millions, and the persons afloat by 50,000.—A National Association of Cider Makers was formed at a meeting held in the Holborn Restaurant, for the purpose of stimulating the manufacture of cider in the interests of agriculture and temperance.—Sir Walter Foster, presiding at a conference of land co-operators, said that he thought the agricultural interest was on the eve of great changes.—The Marchioness of Queensberry was granted a decree of nullity against her husband.—The Pope presided at the Conference of Eastern Patriarchs, which he has convened to consider the question of the reunion of the Eastern Churches with the Church of Rome.

*Thursday.* There was an unusual deluge of oratory by prominent politicians to-day. Lord Rosebery, who was the principal guest at the Cutlers' Feast in Sheffield, paid a warm tribute to the Czar, whose watchword and character had been during his reign the worship of truth and of peace. *A propos* of our foreign policy, he expressed the opinion that the Little England party was dead.—Mr. Asquith addressed his constituents in Tayport, and deprecated the formation of an Independent Labour Party.—Lord Tweedmouth was presented at Duns with an address by Berwickshire Liberals, and expressed his amazement at Mr. Balfour's Edinburgh speech on Disestablishment.—Lord Herschell opened a new free public library at Colchester, and was entertained at one of those oyster feasts in which the good people of Colchester revel.—Mr. Froude was buried at Salcombe. Mr. Bret Harte was one of the mourners.—The Duchess of York, who was the guest of Mr. Oscar Browning, Fellow of King's College, was shown over Cambridge.—The Duke of Newcastle was nominated for a seat on the London School Board.—Mrs. Ormiston Chant, speaking at Finchley on the great Empire problem, said they had got tired of twenty-seven years' work in trying to take the women off the streets; they were going to stop the manufacture of them. They had done a little already by pushing away the rose bushes that covered a seething pit of infamy.—The Vestry which sways the destinies of what Aubrey Tanqueray called the little parish of St. James's, passed a resolution declaring that the state of the West End streets, due to the conduct of "disorderly characters, chiefly foreign," was a matter for early legislation. A motion protesting against the Empire decision was ruled out of order, the establishment being outside the parish, but another censuring the attack on the St. James's Restaurant was adopted.—The Czar's condition was announced to be slightly better.—Six men have been killed and twenty injured by the explosion of one of the boilers of the French cruiser *Aréthuse*, while she was trying her machinery in Brest harbour.

*Friday.* The Empire promenade was abolished by the County Council by 75 votes to 32.—Lord Rosebery visited several works in Sheffield, and witnessed the manufacture of armour-plates for several new battleships and cruisers. Such preparations, he said, speaking later at a luncheon, were essential to peace.—Lord Londonderry told the electors of Grimsby that the House of Lords was not prepared to hand over the welfare of the industrial population to be dealt with by the Government majority.—Mr. Campbell-

Bannerman, speaking at Stirling, said the present procedure of Parliament was not only inefficient, but mischievous.—The fall of Count von Caprivi took place, much to the surprise of the political world. There has been some difference of opinion between the Kaiser and his Ministers as to the measures to be taken against the Socialists, Count von Caprivi opposing the use of extreme measures against revolutionary parties. It was believed, however, that the Chancellor's views had prevailed. This, it would seem, is not the case.—The Czar's condition has improved, and the Imperial yacht *Pole Star* has been ordered to Livadia to convey his Majesty to Corfu. The Kaiser was present at a special service for the recovery of the Czar held in the chapel of the Russian Embassy at Berlin.—The Japanese army crossed the Yalu about ten miles above the Chinese frontier. A Japanese garrison now holds every strategical frontier in Corea.

*Saturday.* Lord Rosebery broke his long silence to-night, by addressing a huge meeting at Bradford. In vulgar parlance, he went for the House of Lords. It was upon that ground, he said, that the General Election was to be fought. He believes in a Second Chamber, but the House of Lords is not a Second Chamber at all. He described it as a permanent party organisation, controlled for party purposes and by party managers. It was a sheer mockery, against which the people of England burst into rebellion every now and again, when it had gone too far in opposing the popular wish. "If you do not take care, it will wreck many Liberal measures and many Liberal Governments before you are done with it," he said, and, though the difficulty of dealing with it involved a tremendous Constitutional issue—the greatest issue the country had seen since it resisted the tyranny of Charles I. and James II.—it would have to be faced. "We fling down the gauntlet," he said, in his concluding sentence; "it is for you to back us up."—The Japanese are reported to have gained a decisive victory at Ku-lien-chao, scattering a force of 16,000 Chinese, who fled southwards towards the mouth of the Yalu. Thirty guns and 300 tents fell into the hands of the victors.—A decided improvement in the condition of the Czar is announced. A case of Mariani wine has been telegraphed for for the Czarina, who is also improving.—The son of Sir James Fergusson, ex-Postmaster-General, was brought before the Sheriff at Perth on suspicion of having caused the recent fire by which the whole of the north-east wing of the Glenalmond College was burned down last week.—The new comic opera, "His Excellency," written by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and composed by Dr. Osmond Carr, was produced with great success at the Lyric Theatre.

*Sunday.* This was London Reform Sunday. At the instance of the Executive Committee of the London Reform Union the day was set apart, in a large number of Church of England and Nonconformist places of worship, for the delivery of special sermons and addresses on the subject of London Reform. Special services were accordingly held in over 250 churches, chapels, and halls. Of these considerably over 100 were Church of England places of worship. Mr. Stead addressed a very large meeting in the Queen's Hall on the subject "If Christ Came to London." He strongly advocated the formation of a National Social Union.—Mrs. Ormiston Chant, preaching in Shoreditch, asked whether it was not time for all good women who loved their sisters to form themselves into a street-cleaning brigade, and whether they could not do something effectual to rescue the social wrecks with which the streets were strewn.—At a *matinée* concert, given in the Royal Opera House at Berlin in aid of the funds for building the Kaiser Wilhelm the First Church, the song written and composed by the Emperor, "Sang an Aegir," was given.—A statue of Claude Bernard, the celebrated French physiologist and *savant*, was unveiled at Lyons in the presence of many scientific notabilities, among them being Lord Reay.

*Monday.* The Premier's speech is the subject of universal comment in to-day's newspapers. The *Standard* says that, like Don Quixote's vizor, the gauntlet which Lord Rosebery threw down is made of pasteboard.—The Ministerial crisis in Germany has ended in the appointment as Chancellor of Prince Hohenlohe, the Governor-General of Alsace-Lorraine. The Emperor is reported to have said to the Delegates of the Federal States that the Bills for combating social revolution would be introduced in a form agreed upon between himself and the late Chancellor. The new Chancellor is a pious Catholic, and his political career has already lasted over nearly half a century. His foreign policy will be at once patriotically German and pacific.

## SONG.

If all the world were right,  
How fair our love would grow!  
At what a golden height  
Its spotless flower could blow!

Through what untroubled air  
Its fragrant boughs would spread!  
On fruit how sweet and rare  
Should we be freely fed!

But, ah! what could we tend  
With sorrow and delight?  
Our hearts how should we spend  
If all the world were right?

DOLLIE RADFORD.



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A spirit was once appointed to re-visit the world at certain periods. On earth, the body which had imprisoned the spirit had been crippled by disease, so that, despite his ambition to accomplish high deeds, he had been constrained to leave the work he had planned unfulfilled. But, freed from the burden of the flesh, a wand was given him, at the touch of which gifts, each in their kind desirable, were bestowed on the children of men. To the weary, whose tasks were well done, the wand brought death, and to the toilers in the cities dreams.

It was Christmas Eve, and the spirit went through the streets of a great town. And, being the season of good will, he sought to find one worthy to receive the gift of love. Approaching an open bookstall, above which lights flared in the wind, he delayed, to observe the knot of people gathered there, reading and turning over the books. And as he watched, two figures, both poorly clad, grew distinct from the rest of the group. One was a young girl, with a white brow; the other a man, older than she, who, not reading himself, was intent on the girl's movements. But the girl saw nothing, save the yellowed page of the book she held in her hand. The man waited, expecting he should presently see her buy the book. Then suddenly she looked up, their eyes met, and her cheek glowed. She put down the shabby little volume and turned away. But the man heard her sigh. "Stay," he said, hastening after her, and at that moment the spirit passed on praising God. "I am a stranger in this city, and have no friends to whom I can give presents. You want that book of poems—"

The dark eyes of the girl dilated, as, compelled by a tone in the stranger's voice, she lingered. Pride had no place in her thoughts, for her whole care was centred on a life that was drifting away from her own, and which gone, would leave her very desolate. "I wanted it to read to my sister who is ill," she said. "I promised to try and get those poems, because she has set her heart on them. But even that old copy costs too much."

"The sick have claims upon all. May I send your sister a Christmas present?"

The girl tried to smile, for tears hindered her speech. But as she walked on down the noisy thoroughfare, past windows decked with holly and yew, the gift she had coveted pressed against her breast, into the eyes of the man whose gaze followed her there flashed the light of an inspiration. Months afterwards people crowded to see the canvas whereon he had fixed the memory of a beautiful face.

"You know who it is?"

The girl turned round to meet a pair of eyes she had never forgotten, and which she felt, divined in a flash the cause of her black dress.

"It has made you famous," she murmured, looking again at the picture, while her heart throbbed.

"Yes," said the painter, and it was not at the picture that he looked. "She has made me famous, and now I demand of her that other gift without which fame is but Dead Sea fruit."—ELSIE HIGGINBOTHAM.

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## THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

## "HIS EXCELLENCY," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

It is said that when a European has practised sufficiently with a boomerang to be able to cause it to come back at all, it commonly returns to him with almost fatal force. Now there is something of the boomerang about a practical joke, as the ex-Governor of Elsinore would have told anyone who found him doing sentry work in the autumn of 1807. He had played practical jokes with impunity for forty-five years, but he got paid in full by the failure and success of the biggest that he ever attempted. His was a cruel case. How could he tell when he met an ill-dressed fellow, who called himself Nils Egilson, a strolling player, that his resemblance to the Regent who ruled the land in place of mad Charles VII. was due to the fact that he really was the Regent?

Rumours of Governor Griffenfeld's pranks had reached Copenhagen; he had gone rather too far when he compelled the garrison to study ballet-dancing, and made the soldiers waltz and pirouette through the streets instead of allowing them to march in normal fashion. So Frederick the Regent, though foreign politics were in an awful state, came to the famous city of Elsinore in disguise. The first thing that he met was a capital statue of himself by Erling, a young sculptor, cruelly hoaxed into the

relieved the soldiers from the burden of their ballet dancing, conferred honours and wealth on Erling and Tortenssen, and bade them marry Thora and Nanna that day. It was far too good a joke to be finished in a hurry, wherefore the Governor pretended, so he thought, to be only a private soldier, and his daughters endured the "unnecessarily realistic attentions" of their lovers, and got ready for a mock visit to church. Everything seemed worked up to the highest pitch of practical joking on record, so Griffenfeld stayed the crowd, and putting, as he thought, the keystone on his monumental jest, said—

"You've all been imposed upon, deluded, cheated. The Regent is no Regent, but a common vagabond personating him!"

The heart of the Governor swelled within him: he had accomplished the joke of jokes. A moment later and out came the truth: his sham Regent was the real Regent, and he was the butt of his own jest, was struck by his own boomerang, blown up by his own torpedo. Poetic justice came. All the commands already given were to stand, and Griffenfeld was left to ruminate in his up and down as sentry for many a day—unless he was killed in the battle of Copenhagen, which happened but a few days after—upon the truth of the saying, "practical jokes are like young chickens, and still come home to roost."

Perhaps one should not say "poetic justice," since Nanna and Thora got rich, ennobled men, and very good fellows too, as husbands; but, in truth, Miss Ellaline Terriss and Miss Jessie Bond are so delightful that



"It was only a little joke"

belief that his work was commanded by the King; the second was Christina, a ballad singer, who was in love with the statue, and promptly transferred her affection to the supposed actor Nils Egilson; the third was Governor Griffenfeld, who offered him five gold pieces if he would pretend to be Regent, because it would be such a tremendous joke. "Fancy," he observed, "a sham Regent dispensing sham wealth and sham honours untold on all my sham friends, and then their disappointment when they discover that it's only my fun."

It was a tremendous joke, though poor Griffenfeld and his pretty, wicked daughters, Nanna and Thora, who exulted in it at first, hardly saw the real point. These dainty rogues were having a grand game with Erling, the sculptor, who loved one of them, and his friend Tortenssen, who worshipped the other. The luckless men were fooled to the top of folly by the Governor's tricks; each was led to believe that fame and fortune had come to him, and they were even a little supercilious to the girls whom they had once sued hopelessly. Nanna and Thora, who would sooner spoil a lover than a joke, humoured them, even affected humility, though they could hardly keep down laughter at this egg-shell dignity. It was before the appearance of the sham real Regent that the egg-shells were broken, that the young men learned that they had been hoaxed. When they did they roused the town, and the Governor might have decorated a lamp-post if he had not announced that the Regent was in Elsinore.

Fancy the wicked glee of the Governor and his heartless daughters when they produced what they believed to be a sham Regent—when Nils Egilson lectured Griffenfeld for his wickedness, and degraded him,

even their malice does not make one pity the men. In my slight sketch I have omitted a hundred details that give life to Mr. Gilbert's work. One might find fault here and there, and say justly that in some scenes Jove nods and the audience imitates him; yet that is a mere question of cutting. Occasionally, too, no doubt, the humour falls below the author's own standard, but, on the whole, "His Excellency" is one of the brightest, most whimsical and fascinating of the wonderful series that will render the author of the "Bab-Ballad" immortal.

Dr. Carr is forced into comparison with Sir Arthur Sullivan, and it is unfortunate and unfair. Taking his music without any pretence at comparison one finds gaiety, freedom from vulgarity, excellent workmanship, and sometimes charming melodic invention. If all were as good as the comic quartet in the second act, it would be brilliant. As it stands, one may say he has come out of a sharp proof very creditably, and almost brilliantly, and has done something to raise an already substantial reputation. I long for space in which to talk of the delightful work of the fascinating Miss Ellaline Terriss and the irresistible Miss Jessie Bond, of the charming acting of Miss Nancy McIntosh, the quaint humour of Miss Alice Barnett, the ingenious comicality of Mr. John Le Hay, the sound Savoyard playing of Messrs. Rutland Barrington and George Grossmith, the clever labours of Messrs. C. Kenningham and A. Cramer, and Mr. Playfair's funny ballet-dancing. It would be pleasant also to write about the lovely dresses that gave unneeded charm to a really exhilarating entertainment.

MONOCLE.

The Chancery Lane Safe Deposit has lately undergone a reorganisation as to proprietorship, having been acquired by a limited company, whose capital was privately subscribed. The board seems to be a strong one.



## "THE EMPIRE"—THE DECLINE AND FALL.

For many weeks two great Empires in the East have been at war; but the struggle of China and Japan has been as nothing to the Londoner as the battle that has surged round that Empire of the West which lies in Leicester Square. Friday was eagerly looked forward to as the day on which the County Council was to decide whether or not to uphold its Licensing Committee. Mr. Murphy, Q.C., said all that could be said on behalf of the great Empire, whose ambassador he was for the nonce. Then arose Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant to speak as a citizen, and she, too, repeated all the arguments she had used before the Licensing Committee, and



"IT'S FOR THE GOOD OF THE CAUSE, I TELL YOU!"

From "The Promenaders." By L. Raven Hill.

subsequently before many audiences, against the promenade and the sale of drink in the auditorium. The Councillors must have felt flattered when she told them that by upholding the Licensing Committee's recommendation they would sign the Magna Charta of public amusement. A tedious series of skirmishes ensued in the shape of amendments. The tone of the speakers on the one side was that (to parody a famous phrase) we were marching through rhetoric and blunder to the disintegration and dismemberment of the Empire; on the other, that the removal of the promenade need not affect the entertainment at all. In the end the Council upheld the Licensing Committee's decision, so the promenade and the selling of drink in the auditorium was abolished, for a year at any rate, by seventy-five votes to thirty-two.

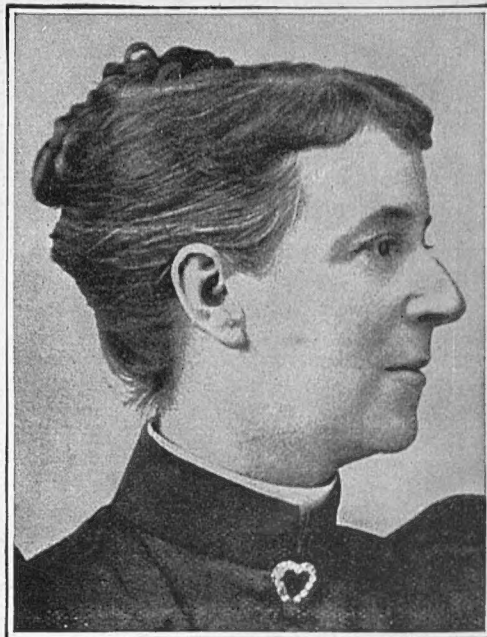
Mrs. Ormiston Chant has been as much discussed as she has been misunderstood during the last few days. Hitherto in her public career she has excited far more interest and sympathy than opposition, and anyone who has the pleasure of her acquaintance would endorse

Mr. George Edwardes's own tribute that she was "a charming woman." Her career has been extremely varied, a fact which ought to give weight to any opinions which she utters. Mrs. Chant is far too plain-spoken to object to our stating that her age is forty-six. She was born near Chepstow, and during her career she has been a teacher, a nurse in the London hospitals, a manager of a lunatic asylum, a temperance advocate, a lecturer in the United States and in Great Britain, an authoress, and a poetaster. This record will prove her many-sided character, and in every one of her rôles it may be said that she has been

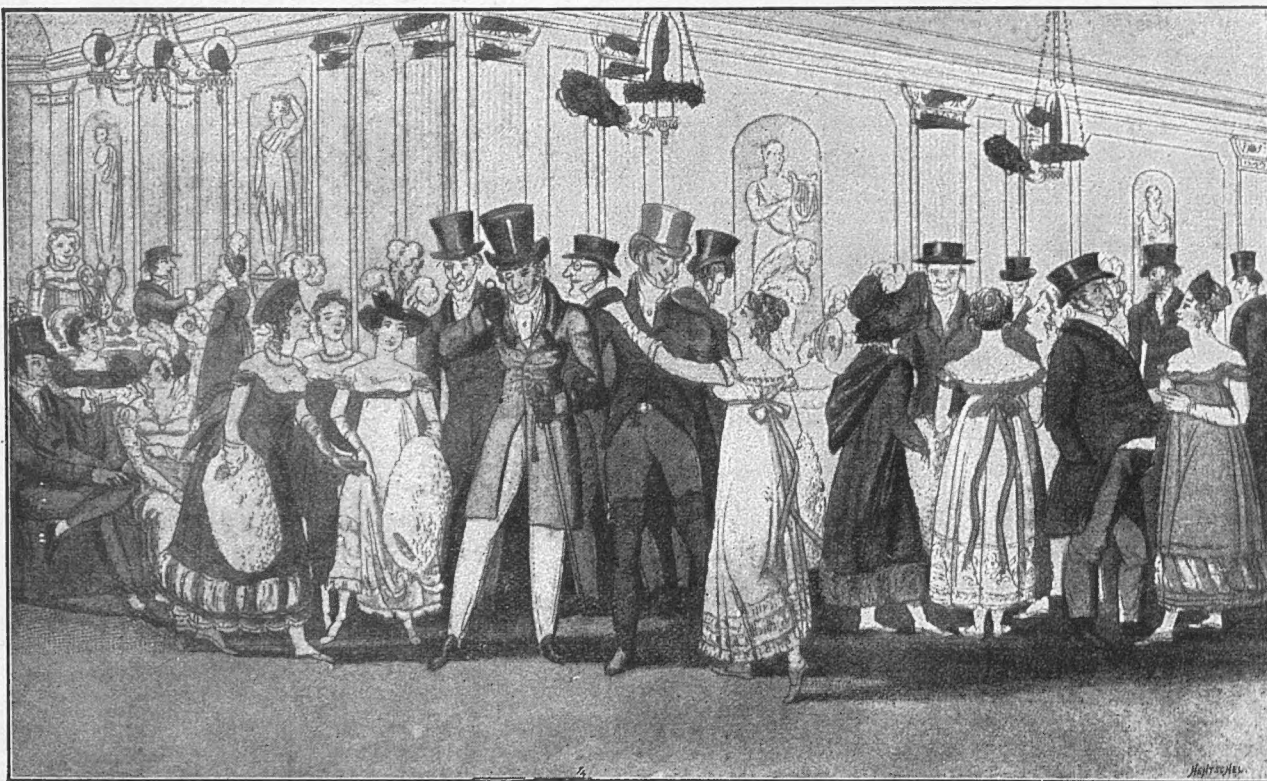
successful. Possessed of unusual powers of moving audiences to laughter or to tears, Mrs. Chant has delighted hundreds of thousands by her oratory. It may be mentioned that in America she once travelled 2600 miles, and addressed thirty-one meetings within the space of eighteen days. There are no traces of the narrow-minded bigot about Mrs. Ormiston Chant, who has far broader views on most subjects than those who have most violently opposed her. Her sympathies are quickly aroused on behalf of the suffering or the down-trodden; she has pleaded again and again for the brightening of workhouse-life and the home-like treatment of industrial children. One who knows her well would sum up her character and work in this brief phrase—"a helper of many." However much her views may be opposed to those held by many people who have considered some of her actions with regard to the Empire case ill-advised, it is only just to give Mrs. Ormiston Chant the credit for much useful work on behalf of those who often cannot plead for themselves. Her husband, Mr. Thomas Chant, is a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and practises in northern London, and agrees with the enthusiastic enterprise of his wife.

The great fight has been waged with a war of words, a battery of correspondence, and a skirmish of sketches. But perhaps the only relic which will be left of it is Mr. Raven Hill's album, called "The Promenaders." Mr. Raven Hill has quite excelled himself, and that, too, under great odds. There are twenty-two full-page drawings in the book, and twenty-one of them were completed within

twenty-four hours—surely a record performance. The book is genuinely funny. One of the best cartoons is that which we are enabled to reproduce here. Another depicts the celebrated clergyman who has figured in the struggle. He is represented as giving evidence before the magistrate. "I regret to say," he declares with a very doleful look, "she spoke to me, the words used being, 'Why do you look so sad, Bertie?'" To which the "beak" replies, "A most reasonable question." Then there is a "living picture," "The Chant-rey Request." All that can be seen over the top of a screen are the heads of two women, one of whom is pouring a ewer over another of her sex. But one has to see Mr. Raven Hill's cartoons to appreciate their humour. That the promenade has long been popular with "Johnnies" is shown by the accompanying cartoon of old Drury Lane.



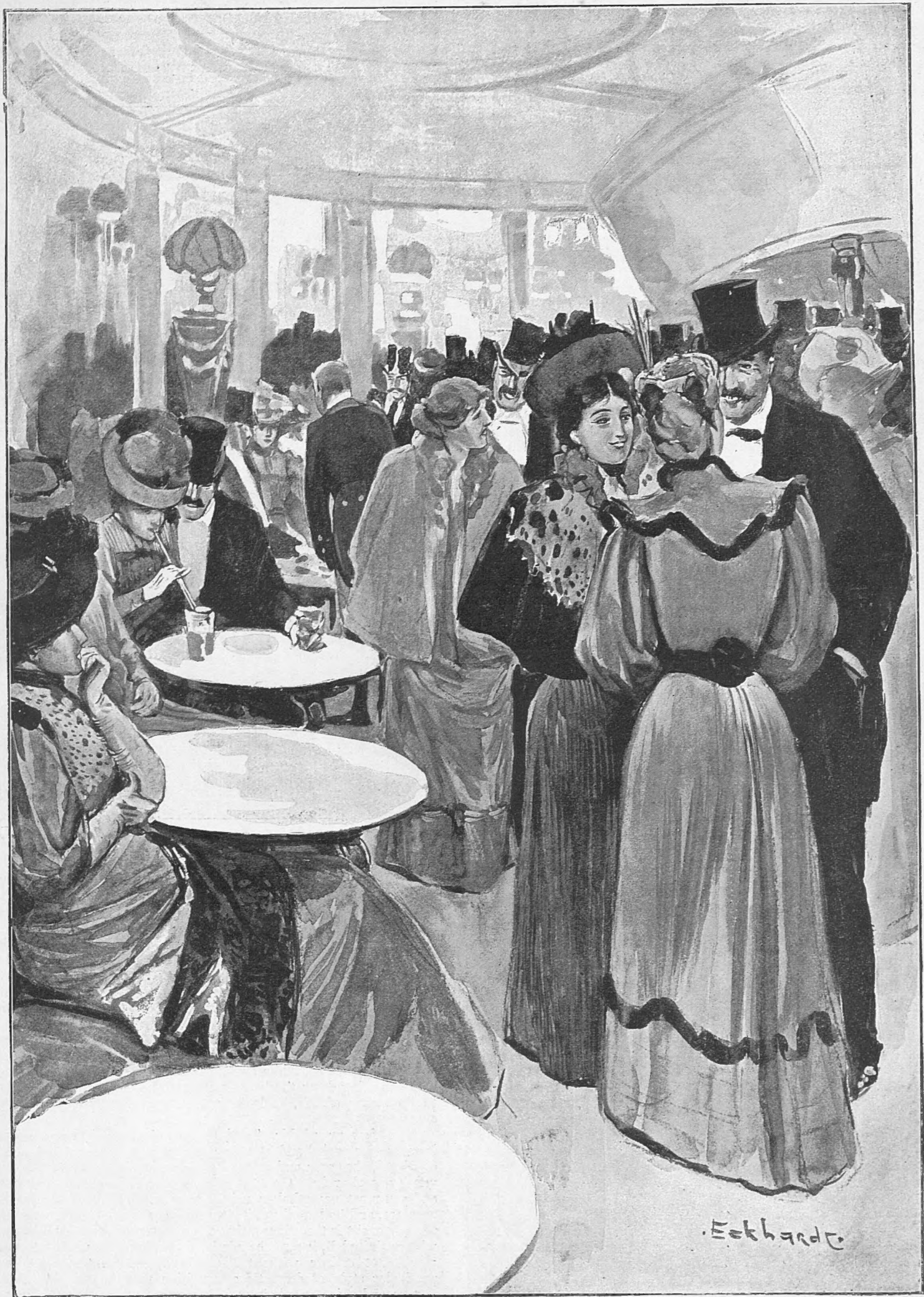
From a private photograph taken recently.  
MRS. ORMISTON CHANT.



AN OLD-FASHIONED PROMENADE.

THE HON. TOM DASHALL AND HIS COUSIN BOB IN THE LOBBY AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.





"THE EMPIRE"—THE DECLINE AND FALL.



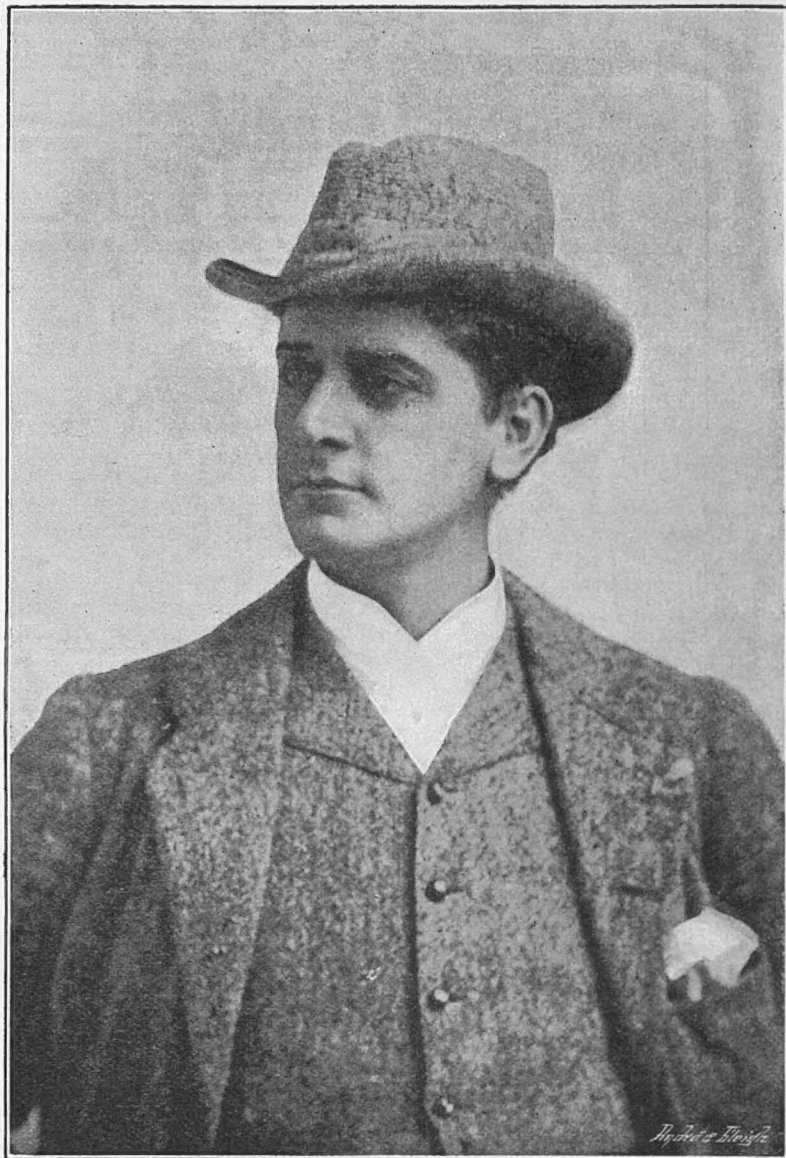
## MR. WILLIAM TERRISS.

*Photographs by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

The years come and go, leaving their mark upon Art, Literature, and the Drama; thinkers arise and print their thoughts in popular periodicals; women, alleged to be New, pour their opinions into ears too tired to listen; but, amid all the incessant movement of the century's final decade, the Adelphi remains the same. Thither the pious remnant of old-fashioned playgoing public nightly assembles, to revel in the invariable abasement of stage villainy and rejoice in the goodly sentiments whose virtues age cannot tarnish nor repetition stale. Abuse and ridicule leave melodrama untouched, for it bears the same relation to Drama as the penny novelette does to Literature, and the class of persons that reads the one will usually support the other. Just as a thrilling frontispiece will attract the sapient reader to the novelette, so will the name of William Terriss bring a crowd to the doors of the Adelphi. Perhaps, to understand the magnetism his personality exerts over those who love to be thrilled, it would be as well to dwell lightly upon his biography, to find in the history of his varied life the secret of his success.

William Lewin, to give him his real name, was born some forty-four years ago, and, after being educated at the Blue Coat School and other places, entered the Royal Navy when but fourteen years old, and soon left it for the merchant service. Some three years later he left the navy altogether, and became a tea-planter, but not liking the work, abandoned it. About this time he was shipwrecked in the Hooghley, while on his way to Calcutta, but the luck that has kept him from the ambushes of Adelphi villainy was with him then; he escaped and returned to England. He then entered some engineering works at Greenwich, but found engineering as distasteful as everything else, so he took to the stage, and started at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham. After a deal of persevering he persuaded Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft to give him a small part in "Society," and in that he made his first appearance before a London audience. For two years he acted, and then his truant disposition took him to the Falkland Islands, where he decided to settle down to sheep-farming. It was here that his charming daughter, Ellaline, now Mrs. Seymour Hicks, was afterwards born. Some six months later the elements made a further attempt to wreck him on his return to England, but they could not succeed. A brief season with F. B. Chatterton at Drury Lane and he was off again, this time to try horse-breeding in Kentucky. This not being any more

successful than his previous ventures, he returned to town, and made up his mind to keep to the dramatic profession. In 1880 Mr. Irving engaged him to play Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet," and he accompanied the lessee of the Lyceum to America. After that he played Romeo to the Juliet of Mary Anderson for something like 200 nights. Then came the Adelphi, and Mr. Terriss soon found himself in a congenial atmosphere. It is true that he has never quite got over the wandering instincts, that he was responsible for "Paul Kauvar" at



MR. TERRISS.



MR. WILLIAM TERRISS IN "THE FATAL CARD."

Drury Lane, and that he rejoined the Lyceum Company and played the parts of Edgar, Macduff, Faust, Henry VIII., and others; yet, with a recollection of his work in both places, one cannot help feeling that his style was made for the Adelphi and the Adelphi for his style.

There are certain phases of life which, though seldom met with, form the stock-in-trade of melodrama. The time to enjoy an Adelphi masterpiece is properly after a long sojourn in a foreign country, where Englishmen are tolerated but not cared for. Unfortunately, all of us cannot indulge in the sojourn aforementioned, and some of us might not care to if we could. Accordingly, we are unable to work up the necessary enthusiasm required to tolerate the average melodrama, and here it is that the talents of William Terriss are made manifest. He can carry about with him enough enthusiasm for all the audience. No man can bring down the house as he can, and despite the fact that he is in the prime of life, he looks, upon the stage, scarcely older than his own son.

The fervour of Mr. Terriss is genuine, for it bears upon it the impress of a varied and startling career. Nothing but the recollection of what he has seen and suffered could make his stage pictures throb with vitality as they do. Go to the Adelphi in a most hypercritical mood, and you must nevertheless rejoice to see him outlive suspicion, foil his accusers, and be happily united to the lady of his choice. Granted that the sentiment is threadbare, that the pathos comes near to being spelled with an initial B, it must be admitted that he gives vitality to much that would not endure without his efforts. The integral faults of the particular style of dramatic composition may not fairly be laid to his charge, and it is not only in melodrama that the leading man monopolises the centre of the stage and the rays of the limelight. Melodrama may be and undoubtedly is anathema to many serious minds, but so long as William Terriss summons the stage virtues beneath the Adelphi banner there will never be wanting the patient crowds of our more simple-minded brethren to sympathise with his sorrow, applaud his perseverance, and shout themselves hoarse over his ultimate triumph.—THEOCRITUS.



## NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

Photographs by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

Lately I learnt how painful it is to be shut up in compressed air; but at the Princess's, during "Robbery under Arms," I half regretted one peculiarity of compressed air—that it deadens sound—for the noise of repeated revolver shots grew a little oppressive. However, this may be only the grumble of one with delicate ears, and certainly I found Messrs. Dampier and Garnet Walch's adaptation of Rolf Boldrewood's novel decidedly entertaining. It is a simple, vigorous melodrama in which there is nothing to puzzle the audience or cause discussion. Love and revolvers, vengeance and horses, murder and domestic sentiment, form the ingredients, and the pudding is on an immense scale. There are horses by the dozen—even the baker's—revolver shots by the hundred, and everything is on a similar scale, even to the scenes, which number fourteen.

One touch is quite novel to me. The programme, for the moderate sum of sixpence, offers a glossary of Australian words, and you can get such interesting knowledge as that "browny" is the "shearers' favourite currant-cake"—possibly, the slang speakers will say that, among works of its class, "Robbery Under Arms" takes the browny. Some of the Australian pictures are very effective, and the robbery of the mail-coach is really one of the cleverest pieces of spectacular melodrama presented for a long time; while several of the other fighting episodes are ingeniously handled. Of course, it is possible to pick holes, to say that the dialogue is rather high faluting, but it is probable that the play is none the worse on that account.

Mrs. Anna Ruppert has had the good sense to learn something from her cruel critics, and her performance as the heroine, which showed that she has abandoned several errors, was vastly better than her "Odette"; in fact, if she can go on improving at this rapid pace, she may become an actress of value. One inconvenience of such a long cast—thirty-three names are given—is that one cannot afford space for nice distribution of praise and blame, so I am reduced to saying that Mr. Dampier as the hero, "a cattle stealer, a bushranger, and yet a gentleman," played in a sturdy style, which delighted the house, and Messrs. Herbert Fleming and William Bonney, two other players from Australia, Rothbury Evans, Henry Vibart, and Paul Berton did work of substantial value.

Miss Jessie Millward has long been associated with the Adelphi Theatre, where she brightly upholds the sacred lamp of melodrama. To recount her theatrical career were simply to recapitulate the titles of

many of the productions which have attracted crowds to this popular house in the Strand. Miss Millward first appeared at the St. James's Theatre thirteen years ago, as Mrs. Mildmay in "Still Waters Run Deep," Mabel Maryon in "Coralie," and—most notable of all—as Mary Preston, the part she created in "The Cape Mail." After provincial touring, she went to the Lyceum for two years. She paid the first of her four visits



MISS MILLWARD.

to America in 1883, as a member of Mr. Irving's company. She appeared as leading lady at the Adelphi in 1885, and, after playing in revivals, created the rôle of Dora Vane in "Harbour Lights," which held the bill for a long period. In 1890 Miss Millward appeared as Diane de Beaumont in "Paul Kauvar," at Drury Lane Theatre, and at this house she has likewise played in "A Million of Money," "It's Never Too Late to Mend," "The Prodigal Daughter," and other successes. At the Adelphi she is now winning nightly applause in "The Fatal Card."

Mr. J. T. Grein, director of the Independent Theatre, has accepted besides the plays already announced by Messrs. G. B. Shaw, Hubert Crackanthorpe, Mrs. Oscar Beringer, and Mr. E. F. Spence, a three-act play by Mr. William Heinemann, called "The First Step," and also a four-act play, entitled "Thyrza Fleming," by Miss Dorothy Leighton, the well-known authoress of "As a Man is Able" and "Disillusion."

In order to continue the work of the Independent Theatre with more effect, Mr. Grein has decided to convert it into a small private limited company, the shareholders of which will be entitled to a seat at all first performances during the existence of the company. A considerable amount of the necessary capital has already been subscribed. There will be only two permanent (unpaid) directors, to wit, Mr. J. T. Grein, the founder of the Independent Theatre, who will be the managing director, and Miss Dorothy Leighton. Mr. A. Teixeira de Mattos will act as literary secretary and translator of the Independent Theatre as before, and Mr. H. de Lange will continue to act as stage-manager. It is the intention of the directors to give henceforth in London a series of at least three and no more than six performances of every play, and one performance in the principal provincial towns.

The date for the production of Mr. Philip Hayman's burlesque, entitled, "All My Eye-vanhoe," is now definitely fixed for to-night. The cast includes Messrs. J. L. Shine, H. Grattan, and Fred Storey.

"Little Christopher Columbus," after an uninterrupted run of 361 performances at the Lyric, was transferred *en bloc* to Terry's Theatre on Monday. Miss Addie Conyers is the new Christopher. The booking is so heavy that the management have found it necessary to add three rows to the stalls.

MONOCLE.



MISS MILLWARD.





MISS GEORGIE WRIGHT AS FLIRT IN "A TRIP TO CHINA TOWN," AT TOOLE'S THEATRE.



## SMALL TALK.

The Queen will leave Balmoral after luncheon on Friday, Nov. 16, and is to arrive at Windsor Castle about half-past eight on Saturday morning. The weather has improved at Balmoral during the past week, and, although cold, it has become fine and settled. Several excursions have been made, but the days are getting too short for any long drives. Deer-stalking and driving in the royal forests at Balmoral and Ballochbuie cease this week for the season, a large number of stags having been shot.

Some years ago the Queen met with an accident at Windsor Castle, when one of her knees was injured, and at various times it has caused her Majesty a good deal of trouble. The recent severe attacks of rheumatism from which she has suffered aggravated the original injury, and lately the Queen has only been able to walk with the assistance of a stick, and then only for a very short distance and on perfectly level ground. She is quite unable to ascend or descend a staircase, and all the Royal Palaces are now fitted with lifts to the private apartments.

The Queen has been very successful at local agricultural shows during the past summer with her polled cattle, reared at the Home Farm at Abergeldie Mains. Her Majesty now possesses probably the finest herd of "polls" in the country, and her commissioner, Dr. Profeit, has *carte blanche* to add to the stock whenever a favourable opportunity offers.

Shoreham Place, where the Prince of Wales is shortly to be the guest of Sir Henry James for a couple of days' shooting, is in the picturesque valley of the Darent, near Sevenoaks. It belongs to Mr. Mildmay, and has been rented by Sir Henry James for the last four years. There is a very comfortable house, with delightful gardens and grounds surrounded by a finely-timbered park. The coverts are admirably placed, and the estate affords probably the best shooting in Kent. One long valley, on the further side of the park, is locally known as "The Valley of the Shadow of Death," from the tremendous slaughter of game that annually takes place there. Within a short distance of Shoreham Place is Lullingstone Castle, Sir William Hart-Dyke's country seat, which has belonged to his family since 1505, and the church, which is built on the lawn of the house, contains some very interesting monuments.

The one-and-twenty cannon which the Prince of Wales has presented to the Club House at Cowes, the old castle where the Royal Yacht Squadron have their headquarters, are in a sort of artificial way connected with our navy. They have been taken by the Prince from the Royal Adelaide, the toy warship which was placed by the Sailor King to guard the artificial ocean of Virginia Water. These cannon, I believe, bear the name of the fourth William, who placed them on the vessel which he called after his royal consort. In future they will be used for firing salutes at the above-mentioned aristocratic club house. By-the-way, I wonder if those other cannon which many years ago were at Virginia Water, or rather in a little fort near it, are still there? These really had a history, for they had been used by the Duke of Cumberland in his Highland campaign, and had helped to make the Pretender's pretensions terminate in smoke. If they still exist, I wonder that the Society of the White Rose does not hold a commination service over them.

One of the Czar's many amiable characteristics has been always noticeable in the affection he has constantly shown to those bound to him by family ties of even a "third and fourth" generation. Those relationships "at law" which man, largely speaking, regards with more tolerance than tenderness, have always obtained kindest recognition from this warm-hearted sovereign, and one of his Majesty's sincerest friends is the Princess Yourieoski, or, as the public will more easily remember her, Princess Dolgourouky, the late Czar'smorganatic wife. This lady is now at Biarritz, and a friend who has the privilege of her acquaintance was with her some days since, when a telegram from the dying Czar was put into her hands—

*Je me trouve très faible, mais j'espère encore me rétablir.* (Signed) ALEXANDER.

So ran the message, and Princess Dolgourouky burst into bitter tears as she read it. Sadness at the Czar's condition is, indeed, universal at Biarritz, and among many who called this week to condole with the Princess were the ex-Queen Natalie of Servia, and the Grand Duke and Duchess Pierre. Most of the notabilities who foregathered in such numbers this season have left abruptly within the past few days. Meanwhile the English season is beginning, and golf links are being set in order.

A friend of mine in Old Calabar begins a letter he recently wrote me with some very complimentary remarks on the merits of a number of *The Sketch* which I sent him, and which, I believe, was the very first appearance of the paper in this colony, though certainly not on the west coast of Africa, as I have sent some to a friend at Lagos, who informs me that the picture of four generations of royalty—her Majesty No. 1 and Prince Edward of York No. 4—which appeared in *The Sketch* in July last, now adorns the walls of the post office in that distant land, duly framed and glazed.

The sad death of Lord Drumlanrig causes a vacancy in the household for a Lord-in-Waiting, and Lord Granville will have the "first refusal" of the post. He is not particularly well endowed with this world's goods, and the comfortable salary of £700 a year which is attached to the post will be a grateful addition to his somewhat limited income.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife, who have been entertaining a succession of visitors during the last three months at New Mar Lodge, have now left Deeside, and after a brief stay at their house in Portman Square, will go to Castle Rising Hall, Norfolk, where they will pass the winter. Castle Rising is rented by the Duke from the trustees of the late Mr. G. T. Howard, and is within an easy drive of Sandringham, while the shooting is, perhaps, the best in Norfolk take it all round.

The late J. A. Froude has not been well treated by those who have written about him. I read innumerable special memoirs and failed to find in any one of them adequate recognition of his sound common sense, his wide patriotism, and his matchless literary style. It is true that he lacked reverence to forms of orthodoxy, and that at times he allowed a keen imagination to carry him away. But are these trifling matters to be counted against the man who wrote "Short Studies of Great Subjects." Surely it will be very long before a writer is found to treat so many matters with such unvarying charm. Mr. Froude vitalised all he touched. Did he deal with the colonies, he brought them before our eyes; did he deal with some old-time monarchy, we felt he had given us a perfect insight into all its characteristics. It was perhaps upon the monasteries of the Middle Ages that he brought most of his skill to bear. They stand up before us in his essays, beautiful blots upon the history of the past, so fair that their innate foulness is not at first apparent, so venerable, that in these days of agnosticism and atheism, we look back with envy upon those who had faith in them. The light he has shed upon these half-forgotten ages is none the less bright because his imagination tinted it. The late historian combined in his style the charm of Oliver Wendell Holmes and the refined classicism of Walter Pater. How few of those who have lately decried him are fit to have filled his ink-pot or mended his pen!

Hermetically sealed to outsiders as the Stock Exchange inner sanctuary, for some occult reason or reasons, is known to be, an awe-inspired public is occasionally refreshed with legends at second-hand as to how "The Members" recreate on specific occasions. Annals of leap-frog, hat smashing, and other volatile details trickle through the impenetrable reserve which these fakirs of the bullion fetish wrap round their playful pranks. A startling incident, which was certainly not included in the Amusement Committee's forecast, occurred a day or two since, which must have disturbed to a certain extent the abstruse zoological researches of those to whom bulls, bears, and pigeons are sympathetic subjects, particularly if they happened to be standing near the various pneumatic delivery boxes commonly used for telegrams at the doors of the house. An accident had, it seemed, occurred to the engine used for pumping, and several pneumatic tubes, which were thus suddenly charged with water, proceeded to dispose of it by assuming the character of the naughty boy's squirt, deluging in this wanton playfulness every member who happened to be within range at the time. The ducking, hustling, and general scrimmage which ensued can only be realised by a member, or just possibly a member's wife, from one of which chosen few I received the story. "If it had been hot water now it would have seemed much more appropriate to the general feeling of the house," she observed naïvely, "or at least so Alfred says." And Alfred probably knows.

The expected has happened for once: "Anthony Hope" has figured in the programme of a reciter. I have wondered how long it would be before his dialogues received this seal of commendation, exactly suited as many of his dialogues are for the elocutionists. Mr. Clifford Harrison gave delightfully "How to Learn the Art" at a recent "Steinway Saturday," and was rewarded with extremely enthusiastic applause. Of course, in the mouth of such an artist the dialogue, with all its delicate suggestion of unspoken words, thoughts, and actions, lost nothing of its point and pleasure. Mr. Harrison on the same afternoon gave Tennyson's "Amphion" to his own admirable piano accompaniment, and surprised some of his hearers, who had not previously known this humorous and dainty poem. It is needless to say how finely he rendered Browning's "Abt Vogler," or to describe the relish with which Mr. Harrison gave the passage from "The Mill on the Floss" in which Aunt Pullet shows her new bonnet to the Tullivers.

By-the-way, Steinway Hall has been re-decorated and fitted with electric light, thus adding to its reputation as the most pleasing little concert hall in the West End. Perfect quiet is ensured by the long passage which leads from the street into the cosy hall, and I understand that the whole bulk of air is four times renewed each hour, while the heating arrangements in winter, and those cool columns of ice which soothe us in summer, are other excellent features of which the manager, Mr. F. Rogers, is justly proud.

Miss Georgie Wright, now playing the part of Flirt in "A Trip to China Town" at Toole's Theatre, commenced her professional career at the age of seven, when she appeared in pantomime at the Lyceum Theatre. After that she migrated to the Gaiety for several seasons, and became a firm favourite, dancing in all the burlesques produced there at the time. She subsequently played at the Princess's and Court with Wilson Barrett, *soubrettes* and chambermaids, and has since played principal girl in pantomime at Nottingham, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle, Brighton, Birmingham, and other towns, and succeeded in making herself very popular with the audiences at each place. She has, at intervals, appeared with much success as a serio-comic vocalist and dancer at the Trocadero, Royal, and several other music-halls. With the waywardness of the true artist, Miss Wright has chosen to absent herself from the stage for some time, but now that she has returned her friends give her a right hearty welcome.



A curious point, which the provincial critics seem to have missed, occurs in Dr. Conan Doyle's new monologue—for it practically is a monologue—"A Story of Waterloo." To the decrepit Corporal Gregory Brewster there enters a spruce and up-to-date Sergeant of Artillery. The Sergeant carries the latest thing in rifles, and his weapon at once arouses the curiosity of the veteran of Waterloo, who had killed his Frenchmen with a "Brown Bess." Gregory Brewster examines the new rifle with intense and excited interest, and in fumbling with the lock he touches a lever. The weapon apparently "breaks" in his hands, and the old fellow's astonishment and fright furnishes Mr. Irving with a fine dramatic opportunity. But it is a dramatic opportunity purchased by a sacrifice of that accuracy which the lessee of the Lyceum so dearly loves, for there is absolutely no service rifle in existence that *bends* at the lock. The only weapons having this action are the fowling piece and the sporting rifle, and the spectacle of a soldier armed with a sporting gun would, of course, be absurd. It is a curious thing that this technical flaw was not noticed in Birmingham, the centre of the gun trade. But if it was detected, the critics said nothing about it.

One night last week I called at the Haymarket Theatre to have a chat with Miss Lily Hanbury, and in the course of our conversation she deplored the fact that hers had been an uneventful life, without anything in the way of exciting incidents, which journalists so dearly love. She spoke very highly of the pleasures of touring with the Haymarket Company, and said that, although there were frequent rehearsals owing to the constant change of programme, the time had passed like a real holiday, and made her feel quite fresh for her London work. The mountains of Scotland, with their peaks covered with heather and snow, have left a deep impression upon her. I asked for future arrangements, and Miss Hanbury told me that she would accompany Mr. Tree to America at the end of the present year. Mr. Lewis Waller, who will produce a new play by Oscar Wilde at the Haymarket during the absence of the company, asked her to stop in England and play the leading rôle, but Mr. Tree would not hear of it. "I'm quite anxious to see America," she said to me; "but I am horribly nervous." I suggested that there was no cause for uneasiness, and before the claims of the next act brought our conversation to a close I had obtained Miss Hanbury's promise that she would let me have her first impressions of America on her return in April next.

Mr. Edward Terry is rather unkind to us poor Londoners. He has been in town a fortnight, playing at the Elephant and Castle and the Islington Grand, and yet he has carefully abstained from presenting either Messrs. Louis N. Parker and "Thornton Clark's" "The Blue Boar," or another piece new to London which he has ready for production. This latter play—which bears, for the nonce, the Mark Twainesque title of "An Innocent Abroad"—is, I presume, identical with Messrs. F. C. Philips and Charles Brookfield's three-act farce from the French, "Miss Innocence Abroad," brought out with success at the end of August at the Bijou Theatre, New York, after having previously been played at St. Louis, San Francisco, and elsewhere. The part of Miss Innocence, a certain bright young lady called Molly Flower, was filled by Miss Fanny Rice, described as being "the American Judie," and "at her best a female humorist"; and, unless the play is altered prior to its English production, it will be found that a matrimonial agency looms large in the *scenario*. I fancy that Mr. Terry is keeping back both these pieces, as far as the Metropolis is concerned, until he reappears at his own theatre in the Strand.

Since Knightsbridge set the ball of burlesque a-rolling in barracks, nothing brighter or better has been done in that frivolous way than the smartly-written extravaganza by Mr. F. Fraser, which was performed in Dover on Wednesday and Thursday. "Bluebeard Retrimmed; or, The Lottery of Modern Wedlock" is well off in the matter of humorous situations and up-to-date dialogue. It had, moreover, the expressed advantage of much latent talent, which lay hidden in the local garrison, only waiting the occasion, apparently, to proclaim itself. As the Blood-thirsty Bluebeard, Mr. D. Blundell (60th Rifles) was a most realistic ruffian, and his energetic pace in the "Dance of Death" did not leave a dry eye in the crowd. Sister Anne, inexpressibly jaunty and jovial, was accounted for by Mr. Cowper, of the 2nd Queen's. Mr. Pilleau, same regiment, and Colour-Sergeant Randall distinguished themselves in other parts to the Turkish life—always supposing Bluebeard was a Turk. Fatima we have always been trained to think of as a foreigner of undoubted fascinations, a part which, *per se*, came easily to Mrs. Clarkson, who gave her audience all that they wanted of enjoyment by her graceful, natural acting. Miss Smythe, as Zoe, was no less acceptable as an actress than dancer, and an amateur of such finished style is, indeed, an acquisition to her company. Both ladies were presented with well-deserved floral tributes to talent. Nor was Sister Anne passed over—her, or his, posy of vegetables being quite a thing of market-garden beauty.

A long-suffering and much harassed *Hausfrau* drew up a code of kitchen commandments quite lately, in which a prominent place was given to "Thou shalt not light fires with paraffin." But the only effect of these timely cautions was to make easy the descent to a domestic Avernus, for next day and ever after, all the household furnaces blazed merrily and mysteriously at the merest application of a previously uncertain match. This particular Sarah Jane had been imperfectly educated, evidently. Not so a certain Alice of Peckham, however, who, within the week, has paid the penalty of lighting her fires with paraffin oil. Will nothing teach the Naiad of domestic service that inflammable oil is a tricky spirit to conjure with? I suppose not, any more than her

*fin-de-siècle* mistress can avoid playing with flames of a different order occasionally. The days of electric cooking certainly approach; but even at that millennium it will, no doubt, be given to Phyllis's ingenuity to make her occasions of "mischief still," like the common enemy below, who, as the most authentic tradition informs us, can never be entirely at a loss, even under our most "improved conditions."

Actors are accustomed to luxury nowadays, and when a troupe from town takes its autumn airing by condescendingly playing before flattered provincials, the local Boniface knows that his best foot is due "forrard," and puts last year's birds by for less impressive arrivals. It is related of a certain actor, whose successes have brought him to a superfine sense of what is necessary to the palate, among other things, that he was tempted to play in a certain small town lately, so that some county folk might have the unusual treat of, &c. The great man arrived earlier than his company, and put up for lunch at a forlorn-looking inn on the outskirts of the town. A melancholy waiter shook his head sadly to the eager demand for grouse and a celery salad. "Can I have a chicken, then?" "No, Sir." "Have you any mutton chops?" "No, Sir." "Ha! then perhaps you will be good enough to bring me a whisky-and-soda before I start. You have spirits in the house, I suppose?"—this very sarcastically. The waiter heaved a sigh. "We are out of spirits, Sir." "Then, in the name of Heaven, man, what have you got here?" asked the enraged and hungry actor. "Sorry to say, Sir, nothing but an execution." "And, upon my word," said —, afterwards, "if the sheriff's man had meanwhile shown up, I could have helped to grill him with the utmost satisfaction."

To the alterations in the *locale* of farcical comedies there has been no end. A notable instance is that of "The Private Secretary," which, meeting with but indifferent success on its production at the Prince's, March 29, 1894, struck oil emphatically when it was transferred to the Globe in May, with many changes in the cast—Mr. Penley, for example, succeeding to Mr. Beerbohm Tree as Spalding, and Mr. Julian Cross to Mr. Anson as Gibson, the tailor. Also to be noted are Mr. Fred Horner's "The Other Fellow" (adapted from "Champignol Malgré Lui"), Court, September 1893, Strand, November; Mrs. Pacheco's "Tom, Dick, and Harry," Trafalgar to Strand; and, still in the same quarter of the same year, Fred Leslie and Arthur Shirley's "Mrs. Othello," with Miss Fanny Brough in the title-part, Toole's to Vaudeville. I must here put the break on. The theme is a fruitful one, and still more fruitful is that of the almost catastrophic changes in the management of London theatres in the past fifteen or twenty years.

Mr. Edwin Barwick, in that droll sketch of his with which he follows "Irving on the Brain," turns "E dunno where 'e are" into *Daily Telegraphese* under the guise of "He did not know the locality in which he was situated." Now, that phrase exactly expresses the position of at least one theatrical chronicler in these days of constant changes. My head reels as I read of the shifting of "A Gaiety Girl" from the Prince of Wales's Theatre to Daly's, of "Truthful James" from the Royalty to the Strand, and of "Little Christopher Columbus" from the Lyric to the Gaiety; of the alteration of plans by which the new W. S. Gilbert-Osmond Carr opera first sees the light, not at either Daly's or the Prince of Wales's, but at the Lyric, and so on and so on.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert's passage of arms with the Lady Interviewer shows how preternaturally solemn your humorist can sometimes be. He told her that his charge for being interviewed was twenty guineas, and she told him that she hoped to have the pleasure of writing his obituary notice for nothing. And he was so incensed by her aptitude for "Gilbertian humour" that he denounced her in the columns of the *Times*. Up to this point the triumph was distinctly with the lady, but she spoiled it by writing to the *Times* too, and by hinting darkly at her solicitor. Lawyers and the *Times* ought to be left to people with no sense of humour. We are getting into a parlous state of dulness when a satirist and the Lady Interviewer cannot exchange pleasantries solely for the pleasure of that stimulating exercise.

Mrs. Orniston Chant will be interested to hear that the syndicate of capitalists who propose to erect a huge hippodrome and other halls of entertainment at Earl's Court have decided to produce a Kiralfian spectacle to be called "Woman." This will represent her from the earliest times, beginning probably with Eve, and coming down in a series of tableaux to Mrs. Chant in her prettiest evening frock.

A friend who has recently returned from Norway claims to have discovered in a suburb of Trondhjem the most northerly music-hall of Europe. It is called by the same appellation as the popular house in the Strand; but, judging by his account, the Trondhjem Tivoli bears no resemblance to the other save in name. It is a small place, with chairs, tables, drinks, and an orchestra. From the programme, which is now before me, I find that the performers come from all countries, and that England is represented by "Brooks og Duncan" and "Miss Nelly Albert Pansy." A march by Ascher and a selection from "La Fille de Madame Angot" are among the orchestral contributions. When I asked what the lady whose name I have just mentioned gave her audience, I was startled to learn that it was the old and familiar "Woa, Emma!" which my friend assures me went exceedingly well, and met with an ovation. What a dreadful risk to future trippers this fact suggests. Perhaps, some ten years hence, unsuspecting visitors to Trondhjem's Tivoli will hear "Ta-ra," &c., or "D'isy," which after a death-dealing existence in town have reappeared in a strange country.





RAB

A PERPLEXED COUNCILLOR.



Talking of the deadhead and the ways thereof to a theatrical manager the other evening, I showed him two examples of its great antiquity with which a young journalist recently presented me. They excited so much

interest among the representatives of drama present that I thought they would appeal to an even larger public. Here they are, in the shape of two passes, one to the pit of the Olympic, dated March 9, 1816, and the other to the boxes at Drury Lane, dated March 2, 1826, and signed by William Gore Elliston. Such souvenirs remind us that the deadhead is, like the poor man, always with us. I wonder if the people who used these passes, now brown and yellowed with age, ever thought that, after nearly

seventy and eighty years respectively, their sins would find them out? Among my own theatrical souvenirs I hold a free box for the old Olympic, but it is not an old one, having been sent to me when John Coleman was managing the house. For some reason I could not use it,

Working my way backwards for the last few years, I shall be able to show that it is in the allied *genres* of farcical comedy, burlesque, and modern theatrical variety show that this process of entertainment-shifting has chiefly obtained. True, we have lately seen the moving of Mr. Willard, with "The Professor's Love Story," from the Comedy to the Garrick, and it was with Mr. Carton's equally delightful "Sunlight and Shadow" (originally produced at the Avenue, November, 1890) that Mr. George Alexander migrated to the St. James's Theatre, February, 1891, and there are other instances in the domain of serious drama, but, generally speaking, the list of transferences is mainly made up of light and amusing pieces.

"Yours is indeed an enviable lot," I observed to one of London's most charming and accomplished serio-comics, with whom I was taking tea. "You work about three hours a day; your audiences applaud you so lustily that it gives me a headache to hear the noise; you draw numerous huge salaries, and you wear charming dresses. Why wasn't I born a successful serio?" "Listen to me," she replied, as she passed me a fourth instalment of the cup that cheers. "I'm not going to tell you that there are blanks as well as prizes in the profession, because you know it as well as I do; but I have numbers of expenses in common with the rest of my professional sisters, and we daren't complain about them. We get paid very large salaries, but when we have paid our agents' 10 per cent. commission, household expenses, stage dresses, brougham, and the rest of it, the big figures dwindle down rapidly. And these are not the only expenses; there are others." "Tell me about them," I asked. "I don't mind if I do," she replied, "provided that if your interest in the matter is simply a desire to obtain 'copy,' you won't mention my name." And over my seventh cup of tea I took the required oath, and was initiated into the following mysteries.

"The fact is," she commenced, "we can't limit our expenses. I have half a hundred dresses by me which I must not wear again; I have nearly thirty songs which I can't sing. Then there are more tips in vogue at music-halls than in any place in the world. You must tip the man who carries your box from the brougham to the dressing-room, tip the boy who calls for the number of your songs, tip the dressers, although, as is the case with me, you don't require their services. You must tip the limelight man, or you will soon find out your mistake; and there are numerous others who have a claim upon you, or pretend to have one. Now, all this is for one hall, but multiply it by three or four, as you must in my case, and you will faintly imagine what a heavy drain upon our resources the tipping system is. I believe some of the professional papers are taking the matter up, but it will be a long time before they affect the present state of affairs, because at many of the halls the attendants and hangers-on depend upon our tips to supplement their scanty wages. A lot of us feel that we are imposed upon a good bit, but while we have the money we hesitate to refuse a little to those who need it so much." And the sweet smile of my hostess lent an additional charm to my eleventh cup of tea.

Mr. Frank Lockwood, whom we shall probably soon have to name by a title, is in the fortunate but dangerous position of having all men speak well of him at this time when he has received the Solicitor-Generalship.

Fortunately for the public, and for hosts of clients who appreciate his genial wit and powerful advocacy, this new honour will not necessitate his bidding farewell "to the Bar and its moaning." This is another example of the success which comes to men in the forties, for there are two years yet to elapse before his fiftieth birthday. Mr. Lockwood was educated at the Manchester Grammar School, afterwards proceeding to Caius College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1868. Four years later he was called to the Bar of Lincoln's Inn, joined the North-Eastern Circuit, took silk in 1882, entered the House of Commons as Liberal Member for York in 1885, and has since continued to represent that city with growing popularity. He became Recorder of Sheffield in 1884. His sketching abilities were noticed at some length in the very first issue of *The Sketch*, and, therefore, it is with peculiar pleasure that I congratulate him on his latest step up the ladder of Fame.



## Olympic New Theatre.

ADMIT TWO, PIT.

*Saturday, 9 Mar 1816*

*Wm Gore Elliston*

Doors are opened at Half-past Five;  
Not Admitted after Seven.



Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

Admit Two to the BOBBY.

*Thursday, 2 March 1826*

*Wm Gore Elliston*

Not admitted after half-past Seven o'Clock.

and it will lie among old programmes and other paraphernalia of a hardened playgoer until it goes with its companions to the tender mercies of the fire or dustbin.

The latest "living picture" up to date was the ball-room at the Prince of Wales's Club last Thursday, when some two hundred members and guests attended the first of this season's dances. It seemed as though the pages of *The Sketch* were holding a grand review, so numerous were the familiar faces of celebrities in the dramatic world. To do things decently and in order is professedly the line which the committee aim at, and it must be admitted that they do it.

R. G. Knowles, the very peculiar comedian, has written a book containing all his patter, together with numerous jokes, ancient and modern. Some of the tales are really very funny, and the one I quote, almost *in extenso*, made me laugh for an hour. Here it is—

### THE BOY! WHAT WILL HE BECOME?

A friend of mine had a son—son of the father. Father=father of the son. Now you understand the relationship the father bore to the son, and the son to the father, and *vice versa*. The father thought he would like to bring up the son to a business that would be a success for the son. . . . So he said to himself, said he . . . "I will place a dollar, an apple, and a Bible in an empty room. I will put the boy in the room, which will be no longer empty, with the dollar, the apple, and the Bible, and I myself will go up a few minutes later, and if I catch the boy eating the apple, I will make him a farmer; if he is reading the Bible, I'll make him a parson; and if he has the dollar in his pocket, I'll make him a merchant. So he put the boy in the room with the dollar, the apple, and the Bible. When he went up to the room a few minutes later, he found the boy sitting on the Bible, with the dollar in his pocket, eating the apple.

The father said, "That boy is a glutton."

So he made him a policeman.

Not of very long standing is the method now so much in vogue of transferring a piece from one theatre to another in the height of its popularity, sometimes without breaking the run at all, and at other times with but a slight intermission in the continuity of the performances.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE WIFE OF DIVES.

BY CLARA SAVILE-CLARKE.

It was morning in the house of the rich Jew, and the sun shone on the face of the French maid as she looked through the newly-washed silk garments, and listened for her lady's bell.

It came at last—a faint electric tinkle—and she ejaculated, with her queer foreign face working strangely, as she spoke—

"Ah! *bien, alors*; in good time, too, or Madame will never be ready by half-past ten."

When she entered the darkened room a querulous voice said sharply—

"Throw open the curtains, Marie, and let the sun in. I have hardly slept at all."

There was no answer, while the maid obeyed.

"Has Sir George gone out?"

"Sir George Bertram is at breakfast now, Milady."

"So late!"

"It is nine o'clock."

"Marie, I must be ready by half-past ten."

"So Milady informed me last night. Which perfume will Milady prefer for her bath?"

"Did you order the dog-cart for half-past ten?"

"Ah! yes."

Her mistress slipped out of bed, and popped her tiny feet into the white slippers the maid held in readiness. She drew the silk night-gown she wore closer round her, and then, with her babyish face raised towards the sun, she trotted with steps like those of a small child to the mirror, which reflected the face of the fair Christian wife that the rich Jew had married two years before. Her skin was white as milk, her eyes large and pathetic, her mouth a mere rosebud of a delicate pink shade when unaided by art. She made a little pouting grimace at herself in the glass, as some women are wont to do the better to see if their skin is quite smooth, or if the dark lines left by a sleepless night are absolutely disfiguring.

On a sudden the whole dainty picture changed, a terror, unexpected and appalling, sprang into the grey eyes.

"Marie, my *peignoir*, quick!" she cried, and, hastily slipping her arms into its ample sleeves, she snatched up a small gold key and ran towards the door.

Then she cried out, "Oh, how you startled me!" and laughed.

Her husband was a little man, with a short nose, a sallow skin, and small, bead-like eyes.

"I am sorry to disturb you," he said, "but I left my cigar-case in your boudoir last night, and, remembering you kept it always locked, I thought I would ask Marie for the key."

"You shall have your cigar-case—I am going there myself; Marie shall bring it to you."

"My dear, in this costume! The weather is still cold. I insist, give me the key. Now tell me what you want."

She shrank back as he caught the small gold bauble from her tiny fingers, and she stammered, "I'll go later, myself. You will send me back the key?"

"Of course."

As he was moving she caught his arm.

"George, what are you going to do this morning?"

"I am going to ride. Why?"

"Oh! All right. Now I must lock you out, Sir, as I want my bath and my massage. I have ordered the dog-cart at 10.30, to drive me a little way, and then I shall walk back. I need some exercise."

The Jew looked at her keenly. She bolted the door against him.

"Madame will be ready by eleven," said the maid.

"Not before?"

"Impossible!"

The small foot was stamped upon the ground, and a few bitter and very bad words were used. The maid answered nothing, while the room, filled with every luxury money could buy, became faint with a heavy vapour and the scent of *lilac blanc*.

The Jew turned the key in the door, and entered the boudoir. His wife's dainty cigarette-case lay on the table; he passed it by and found his own; then he cut the end of a cigar and went to the mantelpiece for the matches. As he did so a piece of paper, dropped under the writing-table, caught his eyes. He stooped slowly, bending his body in a cunning manner, but touching nothing, and he read, "To-morrow at eleven I shall be on the beach, near S—."

Amid the costly trifles from the Orient, amid the latest Parisian toys, he became suddenly erect, while the room was slowly dimmed with the smoke and scent of his cigar.

A far purer perfume—namely, the breath of the sea itself—greeted a young man who wended his way from a deserted heath on to the sandy shore. He was an honorary attaché at a foreign embassy, by name Harold Leighton, as poor as a man may be for such a post, and, report said, as correspondingly fascinating.

He glanced up towards a path through the gorse, the waves rippled

to his feet, and a man, rowing standing, much as the gondoliers do in Venice of old-world fame, went by in a small boat. His eye was attracted by a horseman, a mere speck on the distant downs. "He'll take over an hour to reach the village," he thought. "Whoever it is, he doesn't know the waters are out over the other end of the heath"; and he began to wonder if he were waiting foolishly and in vain.

As he did so, he heard a step on the damp, sullen sand behind him.

He turned quickly.

"Then you have come!" he cried.

She laughed, with the pink in her cheeks, and her eyes turning blue in the sunlight, and her lips parted over the even teeth, as she panted in little gasps.

"How quickly you walk, Harold. I almost had to run! Why, your lips taste of the sea, you naughty boy! Now, where shall we sit, and what have you got to say?"

He found her a seat on a sandhill, partly sheltered from the wind by a heavy bush of gorse, then he flung himself down beside her gracefully.



He stooped slowly, bending his body in a cunning manner.

"Ah, Harold," she exclaimed, "you look well like that. Don't you think you are rather a *poseur*?"

She had a trick, which he always resented, of saying little things which appeared to be fun, with a horrible foundation of truth.

"What are you, then?" he retorted.

She smiled with a flushed face.

"A most stupidly natural little fool, who risks a good deal to waste her time here in your company."

"That's true," he assented. "I am grateful, I assure you."

"Well, when do you go to Paris?" she asked.

"I go to London to-night—to Paris to-morrow."

"So soon!"

After a pause, she said faintly, "Well, what is it you have to say to me?"

"You know perfectly well. I want you to come away with me, as I told you before, when you didn't say no." He emphasised that. "I have money enough for us both to be very comfortable: nothing, of course, compared with your present luxury is possible; but, still, I am devoted to you—and you—you said—"

"Yes; I said I adored you. It is true."

He drew her to him; she lifted her face, and after a second continued—

"But! Oh! yes, Harold; there's a big *but*. I am not sure that I can do it. I am not sure that I should be happy."

"You don't know what love means," he said. "You don't know what passion means."

She smiled. "I know both; I didn't before I met you—till you taught me; but I love something else better than these things, better even than you."

"What in Heaven's name is that?"

"Myself. Oh, you don't understand. I'll explain. I can't do



without my horses, my carriages, my dresses from Paris, my Marie, and my number of baths a day, my number of servants, my good *chef*, my jewels—which I, on occasion, weary of—my crowd of flatterers, my gardens, my town house; in short, I have learnt how to be a queen, and I can't give up my kingdom. No, Harold, not even in exchange for you. I want to keep you here, too. It annoys me when I can't have everything I wish. But you say you must go."

"You are trying to pretend to be so selfish that the thought of such a passion for self, for it is a passion, is distasteful even to me who love you."

"Kiss me, and you won't say such horrid things. There, are those selfish lips? Why, what nonsense you talk!"

The man held her in a grip she could not escape.

"Tell me that wasn't true, dear. Say you do love me and will come as you promised—for you did promise. No, don't shake your head. No



*Her tiny hands, stripped of their gloves, were laid against his breast.*

woman ever owned such eyes and mouth, and could lie as you lie. Do you want to drive me mad?"

"Harold," she pleaded, "don't let us be dramatic."

He frowned, and she added quickly, "We must talk it over, dear, and you will, I know, be reasonable. Now, how could you really believe in a promise given when I first realised how weak I was and woke to the knowledge of what love meant? I am sure I have risked enough for you already. I was in terror that George would discover your letter to-day—I can't remember if I locked it up in the boudoir or not. Now, let us be wise, and do nothing that we shall regret for the rest of our lives. Come, Harold, be a man!"

"Do you know what you are saying, you she-devil?"

"Do you know what you are doing, you brute? You've gripped my shoulders till you hurt me, and I'm sure there will be a mark. I hate a mark anywhere on my skin."

The man flung her off and laughed. "You do. That's true enough. Your own beauty is your idol, and it mustn't be touched. Fool that I was to believe this was a woman! Fool to be tricked by her baby face and mock pathetic eyes! This affair will serve her as a new grievance, a trouble to pet and caress, and bring out as a stock-in-trade to win the pity of the women she knows, who think she has all she desires, little knowing how true it is, since she has herself, and wherewith to clothe herself as few other women are clothed.

Oh! don't look frightened: I sha'n't touch you again—I never want to touch you again."

"Harold!" she cried, "you don't mean it. You love me!"

He looked at her then, and grew scarlet. The small rounded chin was raised, and the sun shone on her soft white throat; her tiny hands, stripped of their gloves, were laid against his breast, her parted lips were lifted slowly towards his. He pressed his own mouth to them till she cried out.

"Oh, child!" he said; "who taught you to be so cruel? What made you such as you are?"

"Harold," she pleaded, "you don't hate me?"

"I can hate nothing about you now," he said; "but later I can't answer for. Now let me find courage to say good-bye."

"Not altogether, dear. You will come back?"

"Oh, I can't! I can't! Not to go away alone again."

"What a pity!" She moved apart and drew a pattern with her tiny shoe on the sand. "You do understand," she continued. "It isn't that I don't love you, it is merely that I can't give up everything for you."

"I understand," he assented bitterly.

"Not that I'm a very good woman," she went on. "The moral part of it doesn't come in. Very moral women, who are good because they are moral, are so tiresome. I am good because it would be more moral to be bad."

"You know yourself pretty well," he muttered.

"And so I thought, as you were the only man I have ever cared for—that you ought to know. I don't rob anybody, you know. I take merely what is my natural right. One isn't given a hand like that to be stripped of its rings—is one?"

"No," he admitted sullenly.

"Nor is my husband tiresomely often at home. I can go where I please, do what I please, and buy what I please. He adores me, of course—but then most men do."

"I had not flattered myself that I was the only victim."

"My poor Harold, you are not. Still, you have one distinction: I never cared at all for any of the others."

"And you pretend that you care for me?"

The red lips trembled, and then she laughed. "Why, I know I do," she cried. "I wish I didn't, except——"

"Well?"

"It was nice to find out what the sensation was like."

The man swore.

"That isn't pretty," she remarked.

"Is there anything else?" he inquired.

"No, nothing, only that I shall be late in getting home if I don't go now, and you may kiss me, and say good-bye, please. And don't look so cross, Harold: you know I'm not very strong, and if I didn't see good doctors and have the money to go south every winter I mightn't live. You wouldn't want me to die, Harold?"

"Oh, let me go! I can't stand any more."

"You haven't kissed me."

"I don't want to. Isn't that your road? This to the right is mine. Good-bye."

"Come back and kiss me at once."

He didn't hear—at any rate, he did not answer. He strode from her with a white face and strained lips, and a look that brutalised the whole of his handsome face.

She clenched her little fists, and stood immovable till he disappeared round a bend in the road over the heath.

There was the smothered sound of a horse's hoofs on the soft sand, and a voice spoke her name. She screamed hysterically.

"Oh, George! How you startled me! How could you? How could you? You've made me quite ill."

"I'm so sorry," said the Jew, in his calm face no sign of defeat; "it is a mere coincidence that we should meet here. I lost nearly an hour's time, owing to the Broads being flooded at the foot of the Downs. Well, shall we walk home by the high road together? It isn't far that way."

"Yes."

He dismounted, and, leading his horse by the bridle, offered her his arm. She clutched it, almost with pleasure.

The Jew glanced downwards at her white lips and large, frightened eyes; he noted the trembling fingers within his arm, and he said carelessly, "I saw young Leighton go over the heath a moment ago. Did you happen to meet him?"

She flushed crimson.

"Yes, I met him," she admitted; "and it was just as well, since he was walking over to say good-bye. He leaves England to-morrow. Of course, he's a pleasant boy, but I don't fancy I shall fret if we never see him again. Shall you?"

The Jew smiled. Perhaps he thought—the episode being finished—there was nothing more to say. Anyhow, he had the gift of silence, and he may have guessed that, whatever temptations Nature put in her way, this pretty piece of property, being once bought, was likely, for the money's sake, to remain his own.

She glanced up at his face.

"Did you write for that black pearl?" she asked.

"Yes, since you wished to have it."

"Oh, that is nice!"—and she laughed like a child.

A few moments later her heart gave a sudden leap, as in the distance, above the trees covered with spring blossoms, rose the towers of the Jew's luxurious palace, which was all her own.





THE MISSES SAVILE-CLARKE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## "THE GREEN CARNATION." \*

With every page of Mr. Hichens' scintillant book, "The Green Carnation," come little invigorating shocks of laughter, little irrepressible smiles. Hardly a page also that does not *froisser* the sensitive by some subtle breach of good taste, some delicate outrage. How far, we ask ourselves, is it justifiable to mention the names of living persons, how far to quote whole sentences from their lips?

The character most sympathetically drawn in the volume, and a new figure in fiction, is that astonishing wisp of *chiffon* and perversity, Lord Reggie Hastings. When he is accused of talking more like his friend Esmé than Esmé himself, he says, "An echo is often more beautiful than the voice it repeats." This cannot be said about the book of Mr. Hichens. It is not better satire than the satire it burlesques. It is not nearly so good, and if it were said that here and there the

intermittently from the farmyard hard by, the twitter of birds from the yew-trees, the chirping voices of Tommy and the curate's little boys, who had been formally introduced to each other, and had retired to play in a paddock that was part of the rector's glebe. The rector himself was away on a holiday, and the curate was doing all the work for the time. Big golden bees buzzed slowly and pertinaciously in and out of the sweet flowers in the formal rose garden, chaunting a note that was like the diapason of some distant organ. Mrs. Windsor's pug, "Bung," lay on his fat side in the sun with half-closed eyes, snoring loudly to indicate the fact that he seriously meditated dropping into a doze. All the air was full of mingled magical scents, hanging on the tiny breeze that stole softly about among the leaves and flowers. There was a clink of china and silver in the cottage, for the tall footmen were preparing to bring out the tea. How pleasant it all was!

Lord Reggie makes up his mind to propose to Lady Locke for interested reasons (she is a rich young widow); he consults his guide, philosopher, and friend, Esmé Amarinth—

"Esmé," he said, "what do people do before they propose? I suppose they lead up to it in some absurd way. If I were a rustic I could go and sit upon a stile with a straw in my mouth, and whistle at Lady Locke, while she stood staring at me and giggling. But I am not a rustic—I am an artist. Really, I don't see what I can do. Will she expect something?"

"My dear Reggie, women always expect something. Women are like minors, they live upon their expectations."

"Well, then," Reggie said petulantly, "what am I to do? Shall I ask her to take a walk, or what? I really can't put my arm round her waist. One owes something to oneself, in spite of all the nonsense that Ibsen talks."

"One owes everything to oneself, and I also owe a great deal to other people—a great deal that I hope to live long enough never to repay."

One of the best things in the book is the following about dramatic critics—

The position of the critics always strikes me as very comic. They are for ever running at the back of public opinion, and shouting "Come on!" or "Go back!" to those who are in front of them.

Mr. Hichens has given us a portrait of Mr. Oscar Wilde without his genius. The best work of Mr. Wilde has the ideal stamp. "Intentions" will live when the death of "The Green Carnation" has long been forgotten, and the little yellow primroses are withered that will grow over its early grave. La Bruyère says, "*Il ne faut pas mettre du ridicule où il n'y en a point, c'est se gâter le goût, c'est corrompre son jugement et celui des autres.*" The art of parody is not a very high art. The stupidest clown with a hammer in his hand might chip and spoil every statue in the Vatican and stand grinning at the effect of his work. How easy to say anyone can make a paradox, and that wit, that exquisite product of high powers, is "merely a trick!" The absence of the pretty sparkle iridescent with fancy, introduced by Oscar Wilde into the land of servile and pompous prose, would make a chaos sad enough to cause regret that the first one was ever thrilled into light.

"The Green Carnation" ends brightly. Lady Locke, with a severe lecture, refuses Lord Reggie—for many reasons, but chiefly because he likes dyed flowers. He tells her she "talks very much like ordinary people," and leaves the cottage with his friend, both in the highest spirits. "I think that I am glad," says Esmé; "I do not want you to alter, and the influence of a really good woman is as corrosive as an acid."

"The Green Carnation" is marred by certain personalities, but it adds to the gaiety of the nation. It is a brilliant little *tour de force*, and well worth reading.

A. L.

## A DREAM-KISS.

(FOUNDED ON ONE OF ANACREON'S ODES.)

"Oh, stay, fair maiden! Wherefore haste  
Away with flying feet?  
I die the nectar dew to taste  
Upon thy lips so sweet."  
The maid looks back, with laughing eyes,  
And to provoke me, laughing, cries—  
"Tush! Hold thy peace!  
I hear the lark.  
Nay, prithee cease!  
Stay still and hark!  
"Tweet! tweet! tweet!"  
It is the merry lark.  
"Tweet! tweet! tweet!"  
Oh, how I love the lark!"  
"Sweet maid, I hear no voice but thine,"  
Impatient, I reply;  
"Those lips they must, they shall be mine,  
'Tis vain for thee to fly."  
I clasped the maid, so 'witching fair,  
But, ah! she vanished into air!  
From phantom joys  
Unblest I woke.  
D'ye guess what noise  
My dream had broke?  
"Tweet! tweet! tweet!"  
It was the merry lark.  
"Tweet! tweet! tweet!"  
Oh, how I loathed that lark!

MARK AMBIENT.



Photo by J. Weston and Son, Sandgate Road, Folkestone.

MR. R. HICHENS, AUTHOR OF "THE GREEN CARNATION."

epigrams of "Amarinth" were actually phrases of, say, Mr. Oscar Wilde, the author of "The Green Carnation" might possibly reply that Mr. Wilde had plagiarised him in anticipation. For, does not the cry of plagiarism come most frequently from the lips of those who, having nothing of their own, seek to gain a reputation for riches by crying out that they have been robbed?

The book has no story. Mr. Hichens takes us, cheerily, and in amusing and particularly urbane company, to spend a week in a pretty cottage in the country playing at rusticity. Lady Locke, a "sensible" person, tedious but necessary to the scheme of the volume, stays with these most modern young people, steeped, as they put it, in the Higher Philosophy—that is, the philosophy of living as they choose to live, "not as the middle classes wish them to live." Surely it is unnecessary to hint that Esmé and his friends are so very wicked. Why to every golden cloud should we fancy its lining of dimness and damp?

Lady Locke, with the others, is the guest of Mrs. Windsor, the only person not taken from life—consequently the only one in the book that seems to live. Here is an agreeable description of her sensations when she arrives, on a June afternoon, at the Cottage—

She leaned back in her basket-chair and enjoyed herself quietly. The green peace, after London, was absolutely delicious. She could hear a hen clucking

\* "The Green Carnation." By R. Hichens. London: W. Heinemann.

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## "JACOB THE SECOND AND HIS FRIENDS."

*Photographs by J. A. Rodger, Broughty Ferry.*

A correspondent, who combines a liking for *The Sketch* with a great love for animals, sends us the accompanying photographs of his dog, Jacob the Second, who has long shown that a "cat-and-dog life" can be more amicable than is proverbially the case. The photographer is to be complimented on his success in obtaining these sittings, which have the rare merit of being informal and life-like. One would be glad to learn what the cat and dog thought of the operation by which their faces have been preserved for their owner, who, when they have paid the penalty which awaits all pets, will be able to recall the exact expression of Jacob's countenance and that of his feline friend.

### A STORM IN A TEA-SHOP.

It was in one of those alphabetical necessities of modern life down in the region where Government clerks and men more or less connected with Parliamentary matters much do congregate. The gas was blazing brightly, though the hour was noon or thereabouts, when suddenly the darkness which came in through the door seemed to grow even darker. Then two burly members of "the Force" entered, and a solemn awe fell



FACING THE CAMERA.

upon the munching multitude. Could they be going to eat anything there? There was something almost unseemly in the idea of a policeman feeding above ground. They delivered themselves to the care of a maiden with Grecian features, somewhat coarsened by the weariness of constantly finding room for people where no room is. She is little accounted of, as a rule, for regular customers are apt to tend towards much the same spot every day. On this occasion her attention was solicited by sundry coughs and strange sounds from all sides, for it was clear that some glory was to be derived from ministering to the wants of these heroes. At last they were seated, and, amid the scarcely-concealed jealousy of her colleagues and her own blushing confusion, the lucky damsel whose table was selected brought to their order two scones and butter and two coffees. So, after all, they did eat the same things as other people! Not for long was this maiden's happiness. "Well, I'm a bloomin' sargint if that ain't little Annie Cummins!" And, willy-nilly, the waitress whose appearance had called forth this ejaculation had to acknowledge the soft impeachment, and ask and answer innumerable questions about the old people, and the dog and the donkey, being hoisted meanwhile on a pedestal of almost painful publicity. Presently, the myrmidons of law and order arose, and squeezed themselves out, to the accompaniment of "Well, I never, the brazen hussy!" "I should be ashamed to give myself away like that," &c. One, more hopelessly jealous than the rest, said, soothingly, "If'm, they ain't much catch in a place like this, any'ow, but some people must take what they can get!" She, the victim at once and the heroine, bore herself with a becomingly resigned pride, and the ordinary bustling calm returned upon the place. The



"ASSUME A PLEASING EXPRESSION."

service in these Temples of Air (Dr. Daughlish's cult) was known to be as anonymous and super-terrestrial as it is feeless, and now one of the ministering angels had been hailed familiarly with terms of common endearment, and was shown to possess a name—quite an ordinary one—and a readiness to accept the guerdon of a "Metropolitan's" smile!



"ONE MOMENT, PLEASE! THANK YOU!"

THE GENTLE JAP.



THE MORNING BATH.



GOING FOR A RIDE.



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

By the time these lines appear in print the question of the Empire licence will be settled for a time, and the Metropolis will be at peace for a time from the rival misstatements of Pharisees and of publicans, of the assailants and reformers of music-halls. It is the misfortune of any question involving the peculiar topics on which the recent discussion has turned, that Englishmen find it almost impossible to argue the point with any honesty. Mr. Bernard Shaw, a recognised free lance, has, almost alone, exposed the absurdity of the pleas advanced on both sides.

It seems incredible that our Puritans should think that any good can be done by isolated assaults on single music-halls. Supposing that the Empire promenade is closed, the Alhambra promenade, round the corner of Leicester Square, is open. It is perfectly obvious that those persons who used to go to the one place will transfer their custom to the other. So obvious is it that when the decision of the L.C.C. Licensing Committee sent Empire shares down, Alhambra shares jumped up. Next year, then, we shall have an onslaught on the Alhambra, and the same farce will be repeated, for the probable benefit of some new supper clubs. These, perhaps, will be raided and closed, for the benefit of less orderly establishments.

What strikes one as most glaringly absurd is the manner in which certain ministers—who, to be sure, are generally conversant chiefly with the suburbs—speak about the danger to the community in the temptations of the music-hall. If one of these worthy gentlemen would stand or walk about on the sidewalks of Leicester Square at night, he would welcome the Empire promenade as a haven of virtue and peace—comparatively. This would be true, even were the Empire as bad as the Impuritans make it out. But it is not.

Not that one need charge these good people with deliberate falsehood. It is a fact borne in on the observant mind by daily experience, that very few people have the desire, and fewer still the ability, to tell the exact truth on any subject as to which they hold decided opinions. Even educated men of cultivated tastes and scientific training are not always to be trusted. It is a commonplace of medicine that if you call in a specialist he will find that you are suffering from his pet disease. Now our Vigilant Society people are specialists in vice. They go about for the express purpose of seeing it. If it is not anywhere they will say, and doubtless believe, that they have seen it. If it exist anywhere in a comparatively subdued form, they will credit it with absolute shamelessness. They are persons of stronger opinions and weaker intellects than medical specialists. Small wonder, therefore, if their evidence is, to the judicial mind, absolutely inconclusive.

It is the same way with all energetic combatants, whether philanthropists, labour leaders, or football players. Their idea of a just judge is one who invariably decides in their own favour. Mr. John Burns attacks any magistrate who represses manifest illegality on the part of workmen, and we know what infuriated professionals sometimes say, or do, to a football referee. It is instructive to notice the details of a typical case now exercising the minds of the "unco' guid." Certain missionaries and others, hot against the opium traffic, accused the authorities of Bombay, in a newspaper, of fraudulently permitting illegality. When asked to give information as to breaches of the law they declined, but proceeded grossly to libel a private person, who, not unnaturally, brought actions. The witnesses for the defence broke down; the defendants were offered the option of apologising, but declined; they were moderately fined, but refused to either pay or appeal; they went to prison, and are now posing as martyrs.

Now I do not imagine that such conduct is precisely Apostolic. Paul was sadly hampered by the opposition of Demetrius, the silversmith at Ephesus; but we do not read that he forthwith charged that craftsman with putting pewter into his Dianas; and had Paul made such a charge, and been fined and imprisoned for the libel, I think most persons would have had their reverence for the Apostle sensibly diminished. Opium smoking is doubtless bad enough, but lying is worse, and ordinary morality comes before the reform of others. No doubt it is hard for those who feel strongly to speak accurately; but unless reformers can state their case moderately, and can forecast the effects of a measure before they recommend it, they will always do more harm than good.

Truly our philanthropists have the faith that makes martyrs—of other people.

MARMITON.

## IN DIFFERENT GROOVES.

SHE: *A modern young woman.*HE: *A would-be poet.*SCENE: *A dinner party.*

SHE (*suddenly*). Have you been to the south this year?  
 HE (*startled*). The south? Oh!—er—the south of what?  
 SHE (*surprised*). Why, the south of France—the Riviera.  
 HE (*smiling weakly*). Oh! no; no; I didn't.  
 SHE (*enthusiastically*). I love Monte Carlo. So much excitement! Such a good carnival! Such splendid battles!  
 HE (*at ease*). Ah! yes. Panoramas of the great French battles.  
 SHE (*put out*). Panoramas? No! The Battles of Flowers.  
 HE (*uncertain*). Indeed. And what part do the flowers play in—er such battles?  
 SHE (*impatient*). Why, the ammunition, of course. You throw them about, you know.  
 HE (*horrified*). But that must spoil them?  
 SHE (*candidly*). Well, of course, they get a bit dashed. And then there are the tables.  
 HE (*vaguely*). Ah, the tables. And the—er—the chairs, I suppose.  
 SHE (*laughing*). Chairs! One doesn't see much of them; they are so seldom vacant. (*A pause.*)  
 HE (*enraptured*).—  
 Oh! to sit in the brilliant sunshine, and gaze at the bright blue sea, To woo a kiss from the soft west wind, were heaven itself to me.  
 SHE (*tersely*). To sit in the heated gaslight, and gaze at the bright green baize is nearer the mark.  
 HE (*diffidently*). Ah, Monaco is built in a bay, I believe. (*Glancing at her.*) Perhaps, though, you were describing the bay-trees?  
 SHE (*lightly*). It doesn't much matter. The green baize usually leaves one up a tree, wishing one were at the bottom of the sea.  
 HE (*shocked*). Dear me! You refer to the gambling.  
 SHE (*reflectively*). I did. Then there's the shooting.  
 HE (*sadly*). Poor harmless little songsters!  
 SHE (*wickedly*). Do pigeons sing?  
 HE (*confused*). Oh—er—of course, the pigeon-shooting. It is such a cruel sport.  
 SHE (*contemptuously*). You don't shoot; I see.  
 HE (*emphatically*). I have never done so.  
 SHE (*slily*). Then, no doubt, you fish. Fish have no feelings, have they?  
 HE (*regretfully*). No feelings? Indeed, I think you have been misinformed. No doubt, you know that sweetly-pathetic poem—  
 [*She turns her head to reply to a remark made on the other side.*]  
 SHE (*after a pause*). Shall you go to the Boat Race?  
 HE (*hesitating*). No; I believe not.  
 SHE (*cheerfully*). It's long odds on Oxford.  
 HE (*puzzled*). Indeed! In what way?  
 SHE (*smiling*). You are not making a book, then?  
 HE (*consciously*). Yes, I am. But however did you guess? I haven't breathed a word about it to anyone.  
 SHE (*bored*). No?  
 HE (*modestly*). It will be quite a little book—just a little harvest of my scattered ears.  
 SHE (*amazed*). Your scattered— Oh, I see! of course, your years. You have done bits at odd times?  
 HE (*nervously*). It was a simile. I meant that, as a reaper gathers in a harvest of golden grain, so I am gathering up my little poems.  
 SHE (*indifferently*). Ah! you had lost them?  
 HE (*thankfully*). No, no! that severe trial of my powers has been spared me.  
 SHE (*thoughtfully*). If'm—yes; I suppose it would make you swear a bit. (*Aside.*) Wouldn't tax my powers.  
 HE (*perplexed*). I don't think I quite follow—  
 SHE (*more freely*). No, I think we have the pace a bit too fast. We've lost our wind a trifle.  
 HE (*joyously*). What a happy simile! Our conversation has been a sea, on which, like little ships, our ideas have sailed about, until, for a moment, there has come a lull in the zephyr of imagination—as you say, we have lost our wind, and our sails flap idly.  
 SHE (*aside*). Oh, my aunt!  
 A VOICE. And that, Sir, is the tobacco of Virginia.  
 SHE (*triumphantly*). Of all the woes a mortal knows,  
 None is so mad, none is so sad,  
 As smoking bad tobacco.  
 There! That is poetry, isn't it?  
 HE (*hopelessly*). I heave no sigh, strive not to fly,  
 Nor pray to die, though well might I!  
 Fair mistress, grant my bravery,  
 Nor seek to force me to a lie!  
 SHE (*alarmed*). Oh, for mercy's sake, don't drop into poetry! But, seriously, do you prefer Duke's Camco or May Blossom?  
 HE (*delighted*). Ah, sweetest May! The peerless blossom of the fairest month. You, too, love flowers?  
 SHE (*interested*). Flowers? I don't think I know them. Are they those things with the bits of cork on the end—or, perhaps, it is a Turkish brand?  
 HE (*collapsing*). Oh, Madam!  
 SHE (*aside, stifling a yawn*). Can't even smoke! I wonder if they have a specimen of this lot at the Zoo.

E. S. L.

THE ART OF THE DAY



AT THE OPERA.—WILLIAM RALSTON:  
IN THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.



## ART NOTES.

The Society of Portrait Painters has opened its fourth annual exhibition at the New Gallery, and the result is encouraging and satisfactory. Mr. J. Shannon is, perhaps, the most prominent artist in the

Wyndham. Here, at all events, labour has been pressed into a service that is remunerative. Whatever in the work of Mr. Watts must be held to have defect, it will not be on the score of idleness, or boasting cleverness, where achievement is absent. This portrait, for example, is beautiful by reason of its quiet, yet complete, art. It triumphs not, as it were, by metaphorically hitting you in the eye, but by its peaceful persuasions, its thoroughness, and its placid convictions. We need not dwell upon less worthy portraits in the same exhibition by the same artist, which are not by any means equal to this exceptionally fine specimen of Mr. Watts's art. Age cannot apparently affect the infinite variety of the work by our veteran portrait painter, whose industry seems to increase rather than diminish with the flight of years. Let no one miss this example of his skill and power.

Professor Herkomer's work in the same gallery only emphasises the impression which all his later work has done—namely, its very stiff and unpoetical quality. His portrait of Herman Herkomer, the main qualities of which are spoiled by the exaggeration of the lighting, is, however, a better specimen of his work than much that we have lately seen. On the other hand, his "Miss Letty Lind" is a production for which we have no kindness in the world; it occupies, indeed, a large

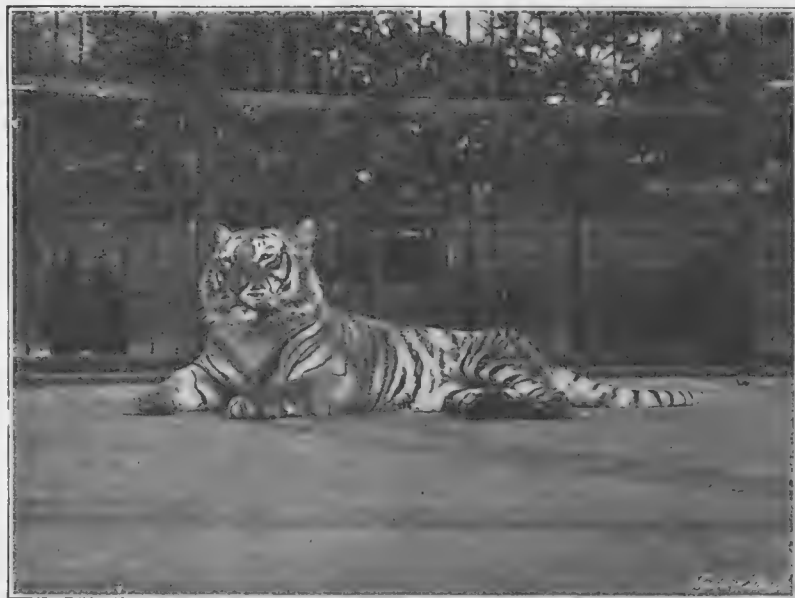


AN AFRICAN QUEEN.—HARRY DIXON.  
Exhibited in the New Gallery.

exhibition, but we regret to think that his performance is not equal to the promise of a few years back. His portrait of Mr. Hofmann, for example, is, no doubt, clever and an admirable likeness; it is impressionary, indeed, and there is much in its colour to displease and even to dislike; but it is not careful or thorough work. It is very much nearer the beginning than the end of art; it is enough to call it art.

But if, in this respect Mr. Shannon is an offender, what shall we say of Mr. Lavery, whose portrait of Mrs. Fitzroy Bell sins a thousandfold where Mr. Shannon's portrait only just oversteps the boundary of sinfulness? Mr. Lavery has, in this instance, resolved to be audacious, bold, impressionary, what you will, and he has accomplished his design with singular ill-fortune. Let us appeal to Mr. Lavery himself; what would be his judgment upon such a portrait if it had been purchased and hung in the National Gallery as an example, let us say, of Rembrandt's portraiture? Compare it to the conscientious, the enormous care of the great Dutch artist, and consider for how long a time Mr. Lavery's portrait—this rough, clever, anyhow kind of portrait—is destined to endure. Is art, under any circumstances, to be treated with the contempt, the roughness, the audacity, with which Mr. Lavery chooses to treat it? Let us take any great standard of art, and this method stands promptly condemned. Mr. Lavery is clever, and, with industry, is even capable of remarkable work. Without industry his cleverness is all but vain.

Mr. G. F. Watts, on the other hand, may be considered to be at nearly his highest point of achievement in his portrait of Mrs. Percy



A TIGER.—HENRY SANDLAND.  
In the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition.



STEALTHY FATE.—J. T. NETTLESHIP.  
Reproduced by kind permission of the Editor of the *Boy's Own Paper*.

acreage of canvas, but with the tale of its size the chronicle of its prominent characteristics is completed. It possesses neither grace nor comeliness.

Mr. John Collier's work again appeals to us in this exhibition, and we, so far, see no reason to go back upon the judgment we passed upon that artist's work a few weeks ago. It is extremely clever without being very touching. Take, for example, the portrait of Miss B. Pattinson, a charming figure reclining on a couch. There is much that strikes one as very impressive in the broad, quick quality of its style, and in the extreme cleverness of the likeness. But he has not penetrated the secret of character, that secret which, in its discovery, turns the merely clever portrait-painter into the man of genius. It is a pity that Mr. John Collier has not yet approached that discovery, for he is undoubtedly something more even than a clever portrait-painter.

## HAUPTMANN'S "HANNELE."

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

Gerhart Hauptmann, born in 1862, is, if not the most popular, at least the most widely discussed of modern German playwrights. He is indirectly a product of that Théâtre Libre whose eventful and fateful history has just been brought to a close. M. Antoine's enterprise was imitated in almost every capital in Europe, among others, of course, in Berlin; and it was on the Freie Bühne of that city that Hauptmann made his first essays as a dramatist. Here he produced "Before Sunrise," a ruthlessly realistic study of hereditary alcoholism; "The Feast of Peace," a no less gloomy conception, in which insanity played the chief part; "Lonely Souls," a drama of hysteria and suicide; and, finally, "The Weavers," an exceedingly powerful picture of the labour war in Silesia about the middle of this century. "Lonely Souls" was afterwards produced at some of the regular theatres of Germany and Austria, but not, I gather, with much acceptance. A comedy named "Colleague Crampton," produced at the Deutsches Theater, Berlin, in 1892, was

urged to explain why she threw herself into the pond, babbles about hearing the Lord Jesus calling to her from the water, and bidding her join her mother in Heaven. A Sister of Mercy comes to nurse the sick child, and, being left alone with her, tries to pacify her, and get her to sleep. But Hannele is troubled lest she should have committed that "sin against the Holy Ghost" which can never be forgiven. She does not know what it is, but that makes it all the more difficult for the Sister to convince her that she need not fear. Then she thinks she hears the voice of her stepfather, of whom she lives in abject terror. The Sister persuades her that this is only fancy, and that the threatening figure she sees at the foot of her bed is nothing but an old hat and cloak hanging on a peg; but the moment the Sister has left the room to fetch some water, delirium gets the upper hand, and Hannele sees her stepfather, a brutal, dissolute ruffian, standing by her bed, and vowing to thrash her within an inch of her life if she does not get up at once and light the fire. She struggles out of bed towards the stove, and is stretched senseless on the floor when the Sister returns. She is put back into bed, and, still wandering in her mind, talks to the Sister of her love for her schoolmaster, Mr. Gottwald, and of the heavenly voice that she hears



THE REDEMPTION OF HANNELE.

Hauptmann's first financial success. It is too much of a local character-study to bear exportation. The "dream-poem" of "Hannele," on the other hand, produced last year in Berlin, has not only been immensely popular all over Germany, but has been produced, and has excited much interest, both in Paris and New York.

In "Hannele" Hauptmann has attempted a curious technical innovation. Dreams have at all times been common enough on the stage. They have been introduced in every form of drama, from tragedy, as in "Richard the Third," to melodrama—for example, "The Bells"—and pantomime—for example, Cinderella's dream of the ball; but hitherto transparencies, or something of the sort, have always been employed to create, as it were, a stage within a stage, a picture within a picture. The dream has always been placed in a frame of its own, and as clearly as possible marked off from what purported to be reality. Hauptmann, on the other hand, has abandoned the transparency device, and suffers illusion and reality to interpenetrate each other, so to speak, just as in an actual fever-dream. He introduces us into a miserable room in the pauper refuge of a Silesian village, where, on a stormy winter's night, a group of shivering "casuals" are gossiping and quarrelling over the scanty harvest of their day's mendicancy. Into this poor shelter the village schoolmaster, Gottwald, carried Hannele (the diminutive of Johanna), a girl of fourteen, who has just been dragged out of the pond in which she had sought to drown herself. She is put to bed, and the Doctor and the Parish Overseer are sent for. It appears that she has been driven to despair by the ill-usage of her stepfather, a drunken bricklayer named Mattern. Her mother, who afforded her some protection while she was alive, has recently died, and Hannele, when

calling to her. Then she asks the Sister to sing her a lullaby which her mother used to sing, and it is evident that her nurse is blending with her dead mother in her mind. The Sister sings—

Sleep, baby, sleep—  
The hills are white with sheep,  
The curly little lambskin  
Is nestling to its mammikin—  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

As she sings, she fades away from Hannele's mind, and, behold! the figure of her mother, haggard, sunken-eyed, her long grey hair hanging in wisps over her shoulders, sits by Hannele's bed. She tells of the glories of Heaven, and brings to Hannele, as a God-sent pledge of salvation, a yellow cowslip, called by the peasants the "Key of Heaven." Then she, too, fades away, and beautiful boys' voices are heard singing the second verse of the lullaby—

Sleep, baby dear;  
What guests are drawing near?  
The guests that come to visit thee  
Are God's dear little angels three—  
Sleep, baby dear!

Three boy angels, kneeling by her bed, sing her a song of pity and promise, and then she sinks into a dreamless sleep which forms a sort of entr'acte between the two parts into which the poem is divided. On awakening, her mind is lucid enough to recognise the Sister of Mercy, and she at once pours forth to her the news of the angelic visit, and holds up to her the (imaginary) cowslip, or "Key of Heaven," which the Sister, humouring her, pretends to see and smell. But almost





HANNELE AND THE ANGELS.



HANNELE AND THE FIGURE OF HER DEAD MOTHER.



HANNELE AND THE VILLAGE TAILOR.



HANNELE IN THE CRYSTAL COFFIN.



immediately the child is again delirious, and sees in the corner of the room a black-robed, black-winged angel bearing a great sword. It stands silent and motionless, and piercing frost spreads from its wings. Hannele, who in her vision has risen from her bed, rushes for refuge to the Sister of Mercy, who has now turned into an angel, with features half-resembling those of Hannele's mother. The child looks doubtfully at her and cries, "You are really Sister Martha? Oh, no, you are my mother?" "Yes," replies the figure. "Are you both?" Hannele asks, and is answered, "The children of Heaven are as one in God." Terrified in spite of herself, Hannele asks whether she cannot escape from the Angel of Death. She is told that she cannot; but at the moment when the black angel approaches her the mother's figure interposes and he disappears. Then Hannele is troubled to think that she must lie in her coffin in the rags she has worn in life: when, behold! a little hump-backed village tailor appears, bearing a beautiful silk gown which "his Serene Highness her most gracious Father" has condescended to order for her. The tailor also puts on her feet the glass slippers which have been found too small for all the other village girls, and bows himself off with a profusion of compliments. Then, as the dream goes on, Mr. Gottwald appears at the head of all his school children, who have come to admire their glorified comrade; and presently villagers, old women and men, crowd in to the funeral, with news that four angels are coming down through the village bearing a crystal coffin in which Princess Hannele is to repose. She is placed in the coffin, when her stepfather, Mattern, comes staggering in, drunk and furious. Not seeing Hannele, he thinks she is hiding from him, and threatens to "pound her to a jelly." The bystanders hiss at him, "Murderer! murderer!" and he is just about to make an attack on them when a Stranger appears, in a threadbare brown cloak, weary and travel-stained, and wearing the features of the school-master, Gottwald. The Stranger admonishes Mattern, mildly and humbly. "Mattern," he says, "I come as a messenger to you." Mattern: "As a messenger, eh? Who from?" The Stranger: "I come from the Father, and I go to the Father. What have you done with His child?" Mattern is insolent and brutal, until suddenly he is aware of Hannele lying glorified in her crystal coffin, when he is stricken with terror and remorse, and rushes out. Then the Stranger goes up to the coffin, takes the child by the hand, and says solemnly, "Johanna Mattern, arise!" Astonished and awe-struck, the bystanders flee away; the room is filled with angels, who transform it into an ante-chamber of Heaven; and the dream fades away as the Stranger is leading Hannele gently upwards to "the City of the Blessed." For a moment darkness enshrouds the scene; then the room in the pauper refuge is once more revealed in all its sordidness, with the Doctor and the Sister of Mercy standing by Hannele's bed. The Doctor bends over her for a moment, and then says, "You are right." The Sister asks, "Dead?" The Doctor nods mournfully, "Dead." And that is the end of Hannele.

## MR. ARCHER'S TRANSLATION OF "HANNELE."\*

In his admirable introduction to this astonishing "Dream-Play" Mr. Archer says that "it has been ridiculed for its childishness, praised for its profundity, denounced for its realism, applauded for its idealism, expounded as an allegory, refuted as a pamphlet"—and, worse than all these things, Mr. Archer himself declines to tell us to which of the categories it belongs. Now, if Mr. Archer, who has faced many problems, who has even faced "The Master-BUILDER," declines to lend his aid, whither shall the unhappy ordinary person—"suburban" person is, I understand, the latest word of scathing reproach—turn for an opinion? For my own part, however, I do not seem to need any elaborate theory to account for the play. The author seems to me to have done his work in a marvellously successful—I would almost say in a marvellously scientific—manner. The play represents the dream of a dying child, a child who has been very vaguely educated in some form of Protestantism, and who, poor innocent, has been taught that terrible doctrine of unforgivable sins which has darkened the life of so many children. All her ideas are of the simplest: to her poor mind Heaven is a place of material comfort—she is clothed in a beautiful silk dress and a pair of tiny glass slippers when she is about to enter its gates. All her ideas are profoundly natural, profoundly pathetic. The mind of the wretched, starved, beaten little outcast, who is led by ill-usage and fear to drown herself, unfolds itself in her feverish dreams like an opened scroll. It never occurs to one to doubt the accuracy of the revelation; it bears truth and genius in every line. That Herr Hauptmann has done his work well I entertain no manner of doubt.

But then arises the question, Is it a work that ought to have been done? "Is there no offence in't?" I can scarcely reply with Hamlet, "No offence in the world!" for many excellent people will take offence at the introduction of the Divine Stranger at the end of the play, and nearly all will find an occasional expression impress them unpleasantly; but, on the whole, I think the work was well worth doing. Artistically, it is interesting as a piece of realism, carried out with great insight and consistency. Morally, it stirs our hearts with pity, and may teach us many a lesson.

It is as that much-despised thing, "a play intended for the closet," that we have hitherto considered "Hannele." But it has asserted its right to be treated as a stage-play also. It has been acted with great success in Germany and Austria, and with equal unsucess in New York. So far as I can see, it could scarcely be made a good stage-play anywhere. I should like to see Mr. Irving's staging of it, though I fear that even he could scarcely make convincing the apparitions and magic-lantern effects which are necessary. But it would be a curious study, although it could scarcely be a popular success. It is, of course, very questionable whether those good people who manage our morals for us, and whose scent for real or imaginary evil is so keen, would not raise a characteristic howl at the production of "Hannele." But I cannot imagine one man or woman who has any belief in a hereafter, or any respect for our Christian faith, being other than impressed and saddened by the revelation of the inmost soul of this poor little outcast.—R. W. L.

## THE BALLADE OF THE BODLEY HEAD.

*Libelle mi!* Your hour of birth  
Is fraught with unexpected pain:  
No fairer fellowship on earth  
Than Elkin Mathews and John Lane!  
Will they, divided, yet retain  
The wisdom theirs when they were wed?  
And will a glamour yet remain  
About the lonely Bodley Head?

Of right attenuated girth,  
My book, art thou. My able brain  
Prefers of print a dainty dearth,  
And runs into the lean quatrain.  
'Tis ever thus: the cause is plain:  
The greater thoughts are shorter said;  
But decadence is on the wane  
About the lonely Bodley Head.

O Minor Poets! Here's a berth  
Dismantled! Never hence again  
Ye'll fare to fill the world with mirth—  
Or, more than probable, disdain.  
Our ballades all are writ in vain,  
The old establishment is dead;  
And lo! there rise instalments twain  
About the lonely Bodley Head.

## ENVOY.

Prince of my castle built in Spain!  
Thus am I disinherited.  
I trust you like this mild refrain  
About the lonely Bodley Head.



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER.

\* "Hannele: a Dream-Poem." By Gerhart Hauptmann. Translated by William Archer. London: W. Heinemann.



CREVASSES ON THE GLACIER DU CHARDON, DAUPHINÉ.—VITTORIO SELLA.  
IN THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.



## BYRON REVIEWS HIMSELF.

"Number Fifty, Albemarle Street," is an historical monument; but it needs no memorial tablet, for the dynasty which has made it historical still flourishes there with undiminished lustre. The present occupant is John Murray IV., and he is the worthy inheritor of such a treasure-house. None of its rich and varied contents is more interesting than the copy of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," annotated by Byron, a few pages of which Mr. Murray has been kind enough to permit to be reproduced here in facsimile. The annotation was done in 1816, at the Villa Diodati, when Shelley was Byron's near neighbour and constant companion. The book is a specimen of the genuine "Fourth Edition," printed on Whatman's paper—there are innumerable shams about, dated both 1810 and 1811—and not, as commonly supposed, a copy of the suppressed "Fifth Edition" of 1812; indeed, there is ample evidence that Byron had not a copy of the latter with him at Diodati. Some of the marginalia exhibit him in a mood altogether too amiably repentant to have been quite free from affectation, when with the eyes of eight-and-twenty he reviewed what he had written before he was twenty. On the fly-leaf he jotted, "The binding of this volume [which is nothing very wonderful] is considerably too valuable for the contents.—B." As if these words were not contemptuous enough, he added—" & nothing but the consideration of its being the

## AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

19

Who warns his friend "to shake off toil and trouble,

And quit his books for fear of growing double\*;"

Who, both by precept and example, shows

That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose,

Convincing all by demonstration plain,

Poetic souls delight in prose insane;

And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme,

Contain the essence of the true sublime: 240

Thus when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,

The idiot mother of "an idiot Boy;"

\* Lyrical Ballads, page 4.—"The tables turned." Stanzal.

"Up, up my friend, and clear your looks,

"Why all this toil and trouble?"

"Up, up my friend, and quit your books,

"Or surely you'll grow double."

property of another prevents me from consigning this miserable record of misplaced anger and indiscriminate acrimony to the flames." This outburst is more in keeping with some of the self-accusatory marginalia as illustrated in our facsimiles, than with the careful copying out from memory of passages and various readings equally "unjust," with which, four years before, the poet had salted the text of the fifth edition. For instance, although he asperses portions of the passages about Wordsworth and Coleridge, Byron carefully remembered the new-pointed arrow shot at Coleridge in 1812, with respect to the "Lines to a Young Ass"—

How well the subject suits his noble mind!  
He brays, the laureate of the long-eared kind.

In the standard editions Byron is represented as repenting, in 1816, of "the acerbity" of the lines on Lord Carlisle, but our facsimile shows that he went no further than a confession that his provocation was insufficient for "such acerbity." Similarly, on the lines about Joseph Cottle, he is made to say that he "could hardly resist" assailing that bard, whereas what he wrote in 1816 was that he "could hardly regret" the assault. A few interesting marginalia have never been printed. Against the lines (614 *et seq.*) in which the Sabbatarians are "lashed," he wrote "Good," and against most of the localities mentioned in the "Envoi" (ll. 999 *et seq.*) he put down the dates on which his delighted anticipation of visiting them had been realised.

56

ENGLISH BARDS,

Lords too are Bards: such things at times befall,

And 'tis some praise in Peers to write at all.

Yet, did or taste or reason sway the times,

Ah! who would take their titles with their rhymes?

ROSCOMMON! SHEFFIELD! with your spirits fled,

No future laurels deck a noble head;

No Muse will cheer, with renovating smile,

The paralytic puling of CARLISLE:

The puny Schoolboy and his early lay

Men pardon if his follies pass away;

710

But who forgives the Senior's ceaseless verse,

Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow worse?

What heterogeneous honours deck the Peer!

Lord, rhymester, petit-maitre, pamphleteer\*!

So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,

His scenes alone had damned our sinking stage;

\* The Earl of Carlisle has lately published an eighteen-penny pamphlet on the state of the Stage, and offers his plan for building a new theatre: it is to be hoped his Lordship will be permitted to bring forward any thing for the Stage, except his own tragedies.

66

ENGLISH BARDS,

This fact in Virtue's name let CRABBE attest,

Though Nature's sternest Painter, yet the best. 840

And here let SHEE\* and Genius find a place,

Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace,

To guide whose hand the sister Arts combine,

And trace the Poet's, or the Painter's line;

Whose magic touch can bid the canvass glow,

Or pour the easy rhyme's harmonious flow,

While honours doubly merited attend

The Poet's rival, but the Painter's friend.

Blest is the man! who dares approach the bower

Where dwelt the Muses at their natal hour; 850

Whose steps have pressed, whose eye has marked  
afar

The clime that nursed the sons of song and war,

\* MR. SHEE, author of "Rhymes on Art," and "Elements of Art."

Wrong also: the provocation was insufficient - to justify such acerbity.

I consider Cottle and Coleridge as the first of these times in point of power and genius.

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A FEW PARTING WORDS OF ADVICE.

FATHER (to son who is just going out in the world): "And remember one thing, never you marry a gal as is richer than you. When I married your mother I 'ad thirty bob and she 'ad two pun' ten, and she's never ceased to throw it in my face ever since."

T. H. B. / A. - 94





## PHEASANT SHOOTING.

The New Woman has wiped the eye off the old man three times in succession.

FROM AN ENGLISH NURSERY.

*Photographs by Ralph W. Robinson, Redhill.*





## MISS ALICE DE WINTON.

My professional duties frequently introduce me to the presence of many beautiful faces, but Nature seems especially to have been kind when she adds a graceful bearing, for it is a rarer gift. Athletics and drilling assist, no doubt, but a perfect carriage is born, not made. In France it is more often to be found, and possibly Miss Alice de Winton has to thank some of her foreign ancestors for the simple grace and natural



Photo by Frank Dickens, Sloane Street, W.

MISS ALICE DE WINTON.

pose which lends so potent a charm to her facial beauty. When, lately, I called on her, I was greatly impressed, of course, with her very prepossessing face, to which her style of *coiffeur* was particularly becoming; but the grace of her every action struck me as remarkable, and so entirely free from any thought of effect. From her photograph, I should judge her sister Dora to be more of a brunette, though scarcely one; both are tall, elegant women. As daughters of a field-officer—one who has fought his country's battles, and received three medals and clasps in acknowledgment of his services—these young ladies have received a careful education.

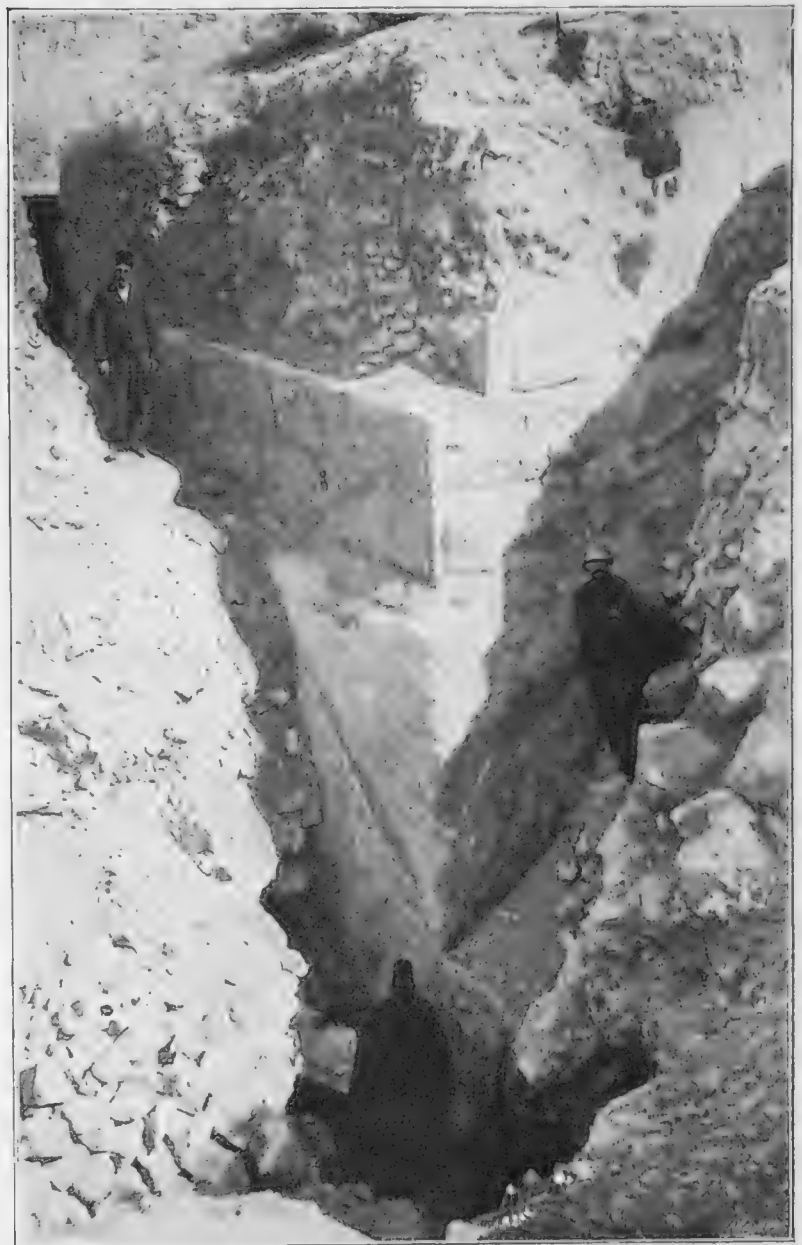
The two sisters made their *début* in company at the Princess's in "Theodora," under Miss Grace Hawthorne. This promising start in point of performance augured well for her next success, which she won in the provinces as Kitty in "Nixie," a piece, it will be remembered, which was written round the story of "Editha's Burglar." Miss Alice de Winton, as the giddy schoolgirl, fully realised the amount of pathos tinged with giddiness necessary to the part. A still more sympathetic part, however, was that of Mary Blencarn in "The Middleman," for which Mr. H. A. Jones cast her the next day after the termination of her previous engagement. She completely fulfilled by her acting the author's own conception of the part. Her next step upward was playing Mary Kingston in "The Solicitor," during Mr. Darnley's tour. Two days short of its conclusion, Miss Alice de Winton was wired by Mr. Alexander to undertake for a fortnight Miss Marion Terry's part as Evelyn Carew in "Lord Anerley," at St. James's. Of this honour she so well acquitted herself that she was assigned the rôle of Mrs. Cowper-Cowper in "Lady Windermere's Fan," and was offered a three years' engagement by this very popular and genial manager. But Miss Alice, I believe, was ambitious of playing more important parts than would probably have fallen to her lot. Her Rose Verney, in "Forget-Me Not" at the Avenue, was her next experience, while a subsequent lengthened engagement was to play Violet Melrose at the Vaudeville, on the revival of "The Two Roses." The last time poor David James played in the comedy was in Miss De Winton's

company. Of course, her Mrs. Gyle, the young wife in "Mrs. Othello," is still fresh in the memory, while her dying scene in the weird "Duchess of Malfi" at the Independent was considered a marvellously clever piece of acting. She did some very good work in "A Screw Loose" and "The Puritan," while her interpretation recently of Lady Rose in "Hot Water" at the Criterion gave complete satisfaction. With this record, not to mention numerous short engagements which I have omitted, one is not astonished to hear that Miss Alice de Winton is not desirous of undertaking other than very leading parts, especially as the comforts of her home circle present very powerful counter attractions.

L.

## EXPLORATIONS AT JERUSALEM.

The Palestine Exploration Fund having received in the spring of this year a firman from the Sultan empowering them to make explorations at Jerusalem, Mr. F. J. Bliss, who was then at Jerusalem, began operations for the society. In late years, building has been going on outside the walls, and it was considered necessary to clear up some points before the ground might chance to be covered with houses which would prevent digging in the future. It is well understood that the modern wall of Jerusalem does not run upon the line of the ancient one on the south of Mount Zion. The group of buildings known as the Tomb of David and the House of Caiaphas are outside of the present wall, but the space on which they stand was inside of the older defences. A portion of the ancient wall at the English Burial Ground was traced in 1875 by Mr. Henry Maudsley. Mr. Bliss has cleared out the scarp, and is now exploring the line of this wall eastward, so as to procure a correct plan as well as to discover its character. The illustration given shows the base of one of the towers along this wall which has been brought to light. The masonry is Jewish, probably belonging to the Herodian period; the courses are embedded in the rock, and the rock has been cut down to form a perpendicular scarp of considerable height. The whole must have



BASE OF ANCIENT JEWISH TOWER ON MOUNT ZION.

towered high over the Valley of Hinnom, and been a very strong defence. This explains why the Holy City was never attacked from the south side. Titus and others carried on the siege operations from the north.

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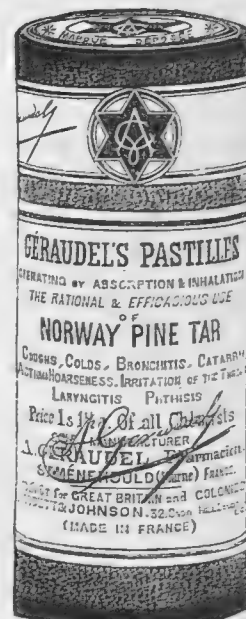
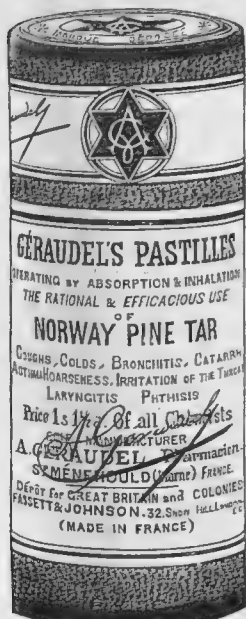
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## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A library edition in twelve volumes of Sir R. Burton's "Arabian Nights" is announced by Messrs. H. S. Nicholls and Co. Sir Richard Burton gave the original subscribers a pledge that he would not issue any cheaper edition of the entire work, and Messrs. Nicholls's edition will exclude a few extremely gross passages. It will, however, restore four-fifths of the passages omitted from Lady Burton's popular edition.

Some publishers are at present making exceedingly daring experiments in the way of publishing top-shelf books, but no doubt this reissue will be discreetly edited.

A very wide circle will hear with the deepest regret that there is now no hope of Miss Christina Rossetti's recovery. She has been ailing for two years, and during the last few months her illness has taken a very unfavourable turn.

There are passages in Mrs. Woods's "Vagabonds" (Smith and Elder) quite worthy of the authoress of "The Village Tragedy." But she has not again written a story to equal that as a whole. I confess that the most interesting thing to me about the new book is not its literary or dramatic excellences—it has both—but something more personal, the evidence it gives of an unprejudiced view of life, of an eye that is not afraid to look on rough places, and a mind interested in lowly things without a suggestion of patronage.

"The Vagabonds" is a picture of the wandering life of showmen, acrobats, and clowns. Mrs. Woods has dealt imaginatively and sympathetically with their loves, jealousies, quarrels, hardships, and adventures, but it is not in the bustling scenes of this little world she shows her real power, but in a story of love and rivalry that grows up in its midst. Her hero is a clown, ugly, elderly, good-hearted, and proud of his profession; his rival an acrobat, young, good-looking, capable, not wedded to his calling; the girl beloved by both and married to the clown, respects and dislikes him, and despises the wandering life. Here are the elements of a wandering tragedy that the writer is eminently fitted to deal with. The setting of her story demands realistic treatment, and Mrs. Woods is about as fearless as are most writers of the day, but she is artistically and humanely sparing of ugliness.

When, for relief, you would turn away from modern fiction, you might do worse than look at Messrs. Dent's pretty reprints of old stories. They are reissued in dainty little volumes, in clear, small type, and with artistic frontispieces and title-pages. "Scottish Weird Tales," "German Love Tales," are among those already out, but one in my hand has, for relief's sake, a still greater fascination. Beautiful workmanship, old-fashioned sentiment, and a grace, half artificial, half poetical, are the charms of the tales of Marmontel which Leigh Hunt edited. Who in this generation knows "The Shepherdess of the Alps"? It may bring a smile to our lips sooner than a tear to our eyes to-day, but, unless we can still recognise its charm, the doors of much fine literature are closed on us.

Max O'Rell's latest observations on the Anglo-Saxon race, "John Bull and Co." (Warne), are, probably, more to the taste of his English readers than were his former books. Even good-natured criticism, mingled with much appreciation, we don't, as a nation, relish, but it is another matter to hear our children, the Colonies, being lightly satirised. The young generation need taking down, and we only look on approvingly at the process. The satire is not very bitter. It is mainly directed against the provincialism of the Australian, his want of respect for old age, talent, and hard-earned position, his fondness for tall language, as evinced by a few pounds of cherries and strawberries or a handful of cheap toys being buried under the gigantic names of Palais de Fruits and Leviathan Toy Depot.

It is true he makes us responsible for the qualities he doesn't like in the Colonies—for instance, self-sufficiency, hypocrisy—but we can say we have outgrown these, handed them over to our children, and read on comfortably. If his be but a superficial survey, Max O'Rell sees the things on the surface very clearly, and in the popular lecturer style he gives his observations lightly and amusingly.

Miss Blanche Atkinson—one of the few writers who understands children and their tastes in fiction—has just written some pretty stories, one of which, "The Real Princess," serves as the title to this volume in the Roseleaf Library of Messrs. A. D. Innes.

"Bianca," a neat little book published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, gives us the love-story of a young Italian girl, "with the blood of the Barberinis in her veins," whose rustic life is passed in an English village. Mrs. Bagot Harte paints the picture in quiet, subdued tints, and there is little to interfere with the even flow of the narrative, which has not a few merits.

All those thousands of readers who enjoyed "Stephen Remax" will be interested in Mr. Adderley's latest venture. It is a charming booklet, entitled "The New Floreat" (London: Wells, Gardner, Darton and Co.), and is in the form of a letter to an Eton boy who "can't be bothered" with social questions. Most cogently and brightly Mr. Adderley answers his correspondent, and, in less than one hundred pages, puts a case for interest in national concerns on the highest ground of righteousness. Adults could learn a good deal from this little book, which ought to have a wide circulation.

Mrs. Andrew Dean would seem to be bent on gradually filling a gallery with studies of detestable people. Among the new writers there is hardly one to compare with her for relentless severity of outline in her drawing of the type she selects from modern society. The sins of the selfish and vulgar, all the discomfort and suffering they have heaped on their neighbours and dependents, she avenges without mercy. But, as a rule, there is undeniable justice in her severity, and, as she does not bully, we are content to see the persecutor's victims in their turn. Corona, the detestable person of Mrs. Dean's new Pseudonym story, appeals, indeed, less to our sympathies than did the "Splendid Cousin."

"Lesser's Daughter" has the marks of being a hastily-constructed story, constructed only for the purpose of housing Corona and her husband, Lesser Bremen; the daughter, though given an important place, holds little of the reader's interest. But whatever its imperfections, the story serves as an opportunity for admirable character-painting. Mrs. Dean, for all her satirical gifts, is not wanting in sympathy. There is one scene from which she seems to exclude every drop of sentiment, and which is yet profoundly touching. Corona has forced her daughter to give up her lover, an honourable young Englishman, and Lesser, ashamed of the whole business, goes to see the discarded suitor to express his sympathy. Lesser is a very insignificant-looking, ugly Jew, with a common exterior, and a way of expressing himself which suggests vulgarity to anyone without special insight. His instincts of a loyal gentleman utter themselves with difficulty, and his host has all the obtuseness of youth. The elder man's struggle to tell his sympathy impeded by his sense of social inferiority, and the younger man's striving to behave with courtesy to the father of his beloved, hindered by his distaste for Lesser's manners, are inimitably described. Human nature has a not too tolerant observer in her satire.

This is evidently not the poets' publishing season. Their books come with the flowers of spring. But among the few that have ventured into the chill autumn atmosphere may be mentioned Mr. Harrison Morris's "Madonna" (Dent). He may already have a reputation across the Atlantic, where this pretty book has been printed. His first appearance here shows him to be the author of a volume of substantial size, all the verse in it respectable, and some of it excellent in quality. Mr. Morris can be dull; he is often satisfied to give but a feeble impression of the picture in his mind; and he can be unduly lengthy. But he has the stuff of poetry in him, and an occasional most happy faculty of expression. The spirit of landscape and the moods of the seasons have a fine interpreter in him, as may be guessed from the concluding stanzas of the unrhymed but melodious "Oracle," a song of springtime that the winds sing of a "sweet-breathed god"—

His wisdom flows in the green  
As the woods flow out of men;  
The woods are his large rescripts,  
And the flowers his song.  
His proverbs stand in the sere corn,  
And wave in the sun-shot wheat!  
"Who knoweth it," saith the Wind,  
"Shall find his scripture green,  
Hedges and leaning grass,  
And leaves are the words he writeth.  
One omen is in them all:  
Life, though it wither, dies not,  
For he is the breath of the mouth."

Mr. Marion Crawford has found a good use at last for his close and delicate observation of modern types of human character. The fine shading and elaboration of his method, unrelieved by bold strokes or stirring incident, were fast becoming intolerably tedious on account of the size of the canvas he insisted on using. They have served him well, however, in the short and light holiday story, "Love in Idleness," which Messrs. Macmillan have just issued. Mr. Crawford might have a new lease of popularity if, in his refining elaborating moods, he would keep within similar limits of space. The book, by-the-by, is said to be the first of a series of short novels Messrs. Macmillan are to publish. It is very attractively bound, thanks to Mr. Lawrence Housman's design.

Books that deliberately aim at instruction, in the school sense of the term, and yet contrive to be readable, are so few as to merit grateful notice. University-Extension Manuals may suggest mere dry schoolbook lore to some and pretentious superficiality to others. But here is one that serves its instructive purpose honestly, and is at the same time a delightful essay which readers with no conscious ambitions after a continuance of their education may enjoy. It is Professor Walter Raleigh's book on "The English Novel" (Murray). He stops at the publication of "Waverley," but you feel that the later development of fiction often guides his judgments, though never unduly influencing them. There is a great deal of honest work in the little book. The criticism is fresh and original, while its bright, cheerful, and vigorous manner shows how popularity may be won without sacrifice of culture or scholarship.

Mr. Podmore has boiled down the investigations and evidence reported in the Transactions of the Society for Psychical Research into convenient form. His volume, called "Apparitions and Thought Transference," is published in the Contemporary Science Series, and written in the cold-blooded tone befitting a scientific treatise. It consists almost entirely of evidence, hardly at all of inferences and conclusions. At any moment now we may expect an agitation for chairs of Psychical Research at the Universities. As in all other publications of the kind, the good stories seem mostly unauthenticated, and the authenticated stories are so dull as to be hardly worth authenticating—from the general inquirer's point of view, not from the scientist's or psychologist's, of course. o. o.



## THE CANNIBAL BOA.

If snakes can feel jealousy, the king cobras in the reptile-house in the Regent's Park Gardens are probably jealous enough. No snake of that kind had enjoyed the hospitality of the Zoological Society for some time, till the specimens now in the gardens were received in the early part of the present year. Crowds visited them; articles were written about them; they were interviewed, so to speak, and became the talk of the town; for it was said, with truth, that they fed upon creatures of their own kind, taking them as they came, harmless or venomous. And while the common cobra will glide noiselessly away if disturbed, the king cobra is credited with turning on his assailant and pursuing him, according to Indian folk-tales swallowing him when caught.

The king cobras are, for the present, uncrowned; their glory has departed. The monarch of the reptile-house is the boa that swallowed his companion. One can fancy Tyrrell's astonishment when he opened the reptile-house and saw in the great glass-fronted cage but one boa where two boas should be. When he left them for the night the larger of the two serpents had just swallowed a pigeon, and its smaller companion was in the act of swallowing another bird. What happened during the night can only be conjectured. All that could be seen in the morning was a boa constrictor enormously distended, as well he might be, having gorged, not only his companion's supper, but his companion also. One would like to know if the swallowed boa resisted the swallower, if he showed fight. Constricting snakes usually coil head first, which it is clear that this unfortunate reptile could not do, for its head was engulfed in the jaws of its cage-mate. They also make very pretty play with their tails. A large boa, into whose mouth half an ounce of prussic acid had been injected with a syringe, "coiled its tail round a table-leg and was dislodged with difficulty. It then seized with its tail a heavy chair, which was carried with it into the middle of the room, and it was some time before the chair could be disengaged." These statements rest upon the authority of Messrs. Mole and Ulrich, and are recorded in the last issue of the "Proceedings of the Zoological Society." So that one would think the victim might have kept off its assailant; if it had tried. "It is believed," we are told, "that the larger snake caught hold of the part of the pigeon which projected from the other's mouth, and gradually enveloped, not only the bird, but the head of the other snake. Once begun, the process would go on almost mechanically." Exactly. But this theory, supported as it is by very high authority, rests upon the supposition that the victim was either passive or was suffocated by the confinement of its head within the jaws of its cannibal mate.

It is, however, against experience to believe that the attempt to deprive a serpent of food, half gorged, will be quietly endured, and the prompt suffocation of the smallest serpent is hard to accept. The authorities quoted above have told us how hard it is to kill a boa by suffocation. The rope has as little terror for it as poison. They had one which they wished to kill, and to preserve the skin uninjured, so they resolved to strangle it. "A small rope was placed round its neck, and drawn as tightly as two men could pull it. It was then hung up. At the end of two hours, the snake, apparently dead, was placed in a sack, and sent to the person who wanted it. Next morning, on being turned out of the sack, it fiercely snapped right and left, and it was some time before it could be secured."

That snakes do fight with each other, and that some throw coils round their fellows with whom they quarrel, is a fact of observation. Messrs. More and Ulrich kept some small West Indian snakes, of the same family as our common English snakes. "One . . . constantly quarrelled with other small snakes in the same box, and always threw several tight coils round them. So savage was he that he had ultimately to be kept alone." They also record a case of robbery of one snake by another, nearly parallel, except in the fatal results, to what has been called "The Tragedy at the Zoo."

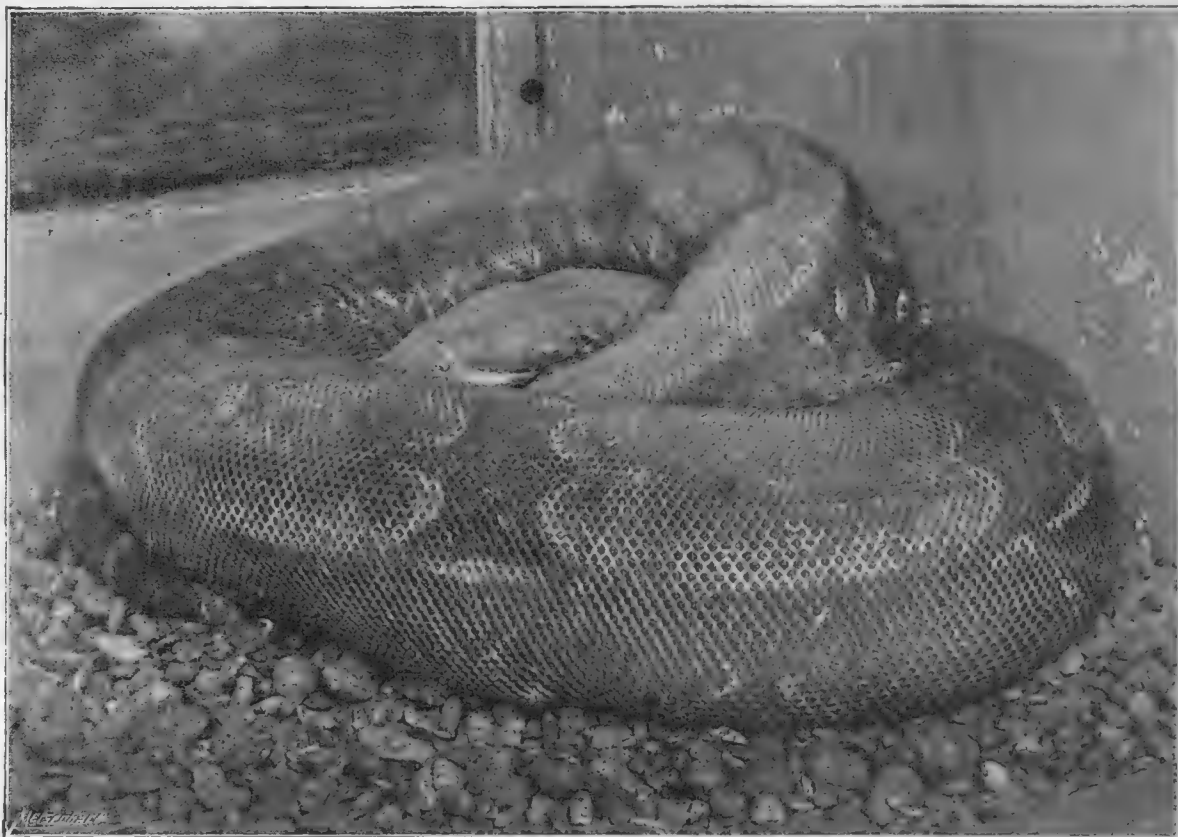
A tree-boia and a roller of about the same size "went for" a mouse which was put into the box. The latter took it by the head, while the boa seized the hind quarters. After holding on for some time the roller let the mouse go, when the boa promptly swallowed it. Disappointed at being deprived of its meal, the roller "seized the victor by the throat and threw four coils round it." The fight was ended by separating the snakes.

One would prefer to think that the smaller boa in the reptile-house made a fight for his life, and that before he was swallowed the two met in mortal conflict, each striving to enfold and crush the other in its coils.

A dyspeptic, whose sense of humour has not been wholly subdued by his indigestion, suggests a box of the far-famed Beecham's Pills as a cure for the excessive meal eaten by the boa.

## THE SOCIAL ART OF ADVERTISING.

We hear this called an age of advertising. So it is, but advertisement is a practical outcome of the exigencies, and we are forced by our exigencies to be practical. It is all there in a nutshell. A girl wants to be trotted out in London society, with the self-admitted object of a suitable settlement. She advertises, and willing chaperons start up from every corner of the particular world appealed to. Brixton, Bayswater, or Belgravia, according to their different lights, are ready for the fray. So it then only becomes a matter of guineas or dollars as to where the aspirant of an honourable estate will settle in, preparatory to settling down. Another wants to winter abroad, a widow, perhaps, too attractive to hunt beyond the safe, gregarious habit. She advertises too, and "well connected," willing sheep-dogs surround her by the gross. An elderly gentleman of means wants a housekeeper. The daily column is brought to bear, and, oh! ah! how many eager hands are held forth for



THE CANNIBAL BOA AT THE ZOO.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

the housekeeping keys. So on, *ad infinitum*. One could write three volumes on the possibilities of the five-shilling advertisement. There was a time, indeed, when most of us would have looked on it askance; but there was also a time when women could not drive in hansoms, or walk across the street unattended. Both eras are over. The world has grown too large for individual searchings, and so the social advertisement has become a medium of our myriad aims and ambitions. *A propos* of this I lately saw a delicious remark in an American paper. The conversation was between a soulful man with an income and a soulless ditto without. Both had dined; both were speaking their minds *in vino*, &c. Then the first man went on: "But surely there have been moments in your experience when life has seemed full of unsatisfied wants?" Second Man: "Ye-cc-s; that is so." First Man: "At such times I fly to music for relief. What do you do, old man?" Old Man slowly: "I advertise." Could he say more?

## THE FORTUNATE PILGRIM.

Youth went; I clung the more to Hope.

Hope went; I watched for her return.

Hope kept away, and down Life's slope

Stole Grief, and bade me list and learn.

Grief walked with me, and taught my heart

Tales ev'ry pilgrim lives to hear—

Told how she never might depart

If I concealed a single tear.

You came, dear Love; your voice, though low,

Hushed Grief. I learned in one sweet breath

The Tale some pilgrims only know

When they have read the eyes of Death.—E. A. J. II.

## CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES AND MARIANI WINE.



*"In truth, Mariani Wine is perfect; gives us health, drives away the blues, and is of such excellent quality that whoever tastes it might almost desire to be for ever debilitated and depressed, thus to have a pretext to drink it."*

VICTORIEN SARDOU.



*"The admirable Mariani Wine which has so often rescued me from exhaustion."*

CHARLES GOUNOD.



*"I can certainly add my testimony to the virtues of Mariani Wine, which I have found excellent, and am well convinced of its quality."*

HENRY IRVING.



*"I have been delighted to find Mariani Wine in all the large cities of the United States, and it has, as always, largely helped to give me that strength so necessary in the performance of the arduous duties which I have imposed upon myself. I never fail to praise its virtues to all my friends."*

SARAH BERNHARDT.



*"... The Elixir of Life, which combats human debility, the one real cause of every ill—a veritable scientific fountain of youth, which, in giving vigour, health, and energy, would create an entirely new and superior race."*

EMILE ZOLA.



*"Of all the tonics—and I have tried almost all, even the more recent—not one equals Mariani Wine, so highly esteemed by the medical profession in France and other countries. I use it personally and for my family, and I have prescribed it during more than twenty years with unvarying satisfaction to myself and my patients."*

PROF. CH. FAUVEL, M.D.





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## A CHAT WITH MISS VIOLET RAYE.

*Photographs by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*

Before setting out to see Miss Violet Raye, the clever young actress wisely chosen for a difficult part in the new play at the Court, I had been reading the preface of a delightful, strange book by Catulle Mendès called "Le Soleil de Paris," and when, after a battle with the fog, I found myself in the drawing-room of my subject, the title came promptly into my mind. The room is a harmony in tender yellows, from the delicate straw-amber that the Turks prize to the tint of the gay spring flowers, and thence to the glory of the dying sun. The blazing fire rather spoilt the illusion, by reminding me that we have touched the winter, without, alas! more than a tantalising glimpse of summer.

Miss Raye was standing near the fire, and the full light of a high pedestal-lamp lit up her prettily-flushed face. She suddenly paused in her words of greeting, and said, "Please don't say I am grey-haired and old; to-day I have been to the photographer's, and he powdered my hair; there is such a lot of it that otherwise it looks too black in a photo."

Miss Violet Raye's coming of age must be an event of little more than yesterday; had she not talked of "my husband" and "our baby" I should have deemed her still in her teens.

"I have just come back from a rehearsal at the Court Theatre," she said. "Oh! it's so nice to be home again, out of the cold and draughts. I'm never so happy as by our fireside."

I could easily believe her, for she and her husband, Mr. Nye Chart, seem as happily wedded as June and roses. In fact, each was so willing to speak of the other that, as I soon found that from Miss Violet Raye I could get little except interesting details of her husband or baby, I turned to Mr. Nye Chart, and he grew eloquent about his charming wife's career.

"No, she does not belong to a theatrical family; she was always wild to go on the stage, but objections were raised. However, five years ago, while playing in amateur theatricals at Southampton, she was seen by Blackmore and induced to accept an engagement. She played first in 'Day by Day' in the provinces, and then joined Mr. Ben Greet's pastoral tour in the summer, playing such parts as Hermia, Viola, Celia, Lynette,



MISS VIOLET RAYE IN "CASTE."

the Princess of France, and appearing as Marguerite in 'The Village Priest' under the same management until Christmas."

"It was about that time, I think, I saw your wife play charmingly in the run of 'The Bookmaker' at the Globe. Then I remember her in 'Caste,' at a *matinée* at Terry's."

"But I have played Esther Eccles more recently," the young wife

interrupted; "and, fancy, they wouldn't let me bring on baby in the last act!"

"Possibly they thought him rather young to start as infant prodigy."

"I'm sure he would have got on all right. However, the great event of my career was starting for America with the Kendals, just after creating Lucy Draycott in Mr. David Christie Murray's play, 'Ned's Chum,' at the Globe. That was in September 1891, and during the



MISS VIOLET RAYE.

months I remained under their management I got training and experience for which I can never be sufficiently grateful. I played a large round of parts, such as Louise, Mrs. Mildmay, Lady Molyneux, Dora, &c. Mrs. Kendal's kindness and patience were wonderful. It was then, while rehearsing, I met Mr. Nye Chart, and six months after we married at Boston."

"And did you then intend to give up the stage?"

"Certainly not. I think husband and wife are much happier if they can share the same career. I should be miserable all alone every evening while he was working at the theatre. When I returned to London I resumed my part in 'Ned's Chum.' From the Globe I went to the Adelphi, as understudy to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and once played her part in 'The Black Domino.'"

"It was shortly after that my wife went on tour as Esther Eccles in 'Caste,' with Gilbert Hare's company, and this summer, with Sarah Thorne, she played a great number of parts, including Juliet and Lady Windermere."

"And since then, dear, you have lectured me on an average once a day. You see, I feel acutely all the woes, fancied or real, of stage heroines, and my tears are genuine. My husband once happened to be among the audience, and he tells me that my tears wash off the paint and discount considerably the charms of a heroine. But, don't you think emotion when real must move the audience more than mere stagecraft?"

"I scarcely know. Last season I happened to be in the stage-box at Daly's Theatre, and during a moment's pause heard Madame Sarah Bernhardt, in the most pathetic speech of Izèyl, say something energetic to a clumsy machinist that certainly was not in the text. Still, most of the audience seemed touched by her apparent anguish in the scene."

"Do you attach much importance to stage dress?"

"No, not the slightest. As long as the dresses are appropriate, very loose, comfortable, graceful in outline, and touch the ground, I am satisfied. Mrs. Kendal from the beginning impressed me with the fact that an actress's beauty or appearance are of little importance if not backed up by talent. Amusements? I have very few. Acting is my one great hobby; of minor ones, there's fishing. This summer we caught huge quantities, and such large ones! For hours one has to sit still and wait. No; I don't mind being silent; it is better sometimes for the voice." BINOCLE.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FOOTBALL.

There are still a few people out of Yorkshire who cling to the idea that the Rugby County Championship still exists. Perhaps they are mostly newspaper men who talk of the Rugby Championship. Speaking for London and the South of England generally I can truthfully say that the County Championship is a dead horse. It will never be flogged into life again. I should not like to say what I think about South of England Rugby men for practically allowing Yorkshire to walk over year after year.

Of course, the annual farce is kept up in the South of England. We see it advertised that Kent is to meet Middlesex or Middlesex Surrey, and we, a few of us, go to see the great game, only to find a few crocks,

Judging from the chorus of praise over J. H. C. Fegan's performance in the Middlesex v. Kent match, there appears to be an organised attempt to gain an international cap for the popular Blackheath man. Now, I have nothing to say against Fegan, and I will say as much as any truthful man in his favour. But, because he "got in" four times for Kent against Middlesex, it is absurd to rush away with the idea that Fegan is a heaven-born three-quarter, a worthy successor to A. E. Stoddart, and all the rest of it. Fegan is an exceptionally fine runner, and as a one-man player would be very difficult to beat. When that is said, all is said. As a centre three-quarter he has yet to show that he knows how to take a pass or to give one. Fegan only comes off when he sticks to the ball, and when he sticks to the ball he, of course, does not



ST. ANDREW'S ATHLETIC CLUB, NEWFOUNDLAND.

a few colts, a few internationals, and more than a few nobodies. And it is this that we dignify with the name of the County Championship. The whole thing in its present state is a standing disgrace to South of England sportsmen. I know that some of the crack players complain that they cannot afford to leave business and play county matches during the week. On the other hand, the gentlemen who complain that they cannot play during the week refuse to give up their club matches on Saturday, when it is proposed to play county matches. Perhaps if Middlesex had defeated Yorkshire at Richmond three seasons ago, and the championship had come South, an effort would have been made to retain it. I am pleased, however, to note that in addition to the Northern counties, the Midlanders and Westerners take up the championship seriously, and, although none of them appear to have a ghost of a chance against the hardy Tyke, the matches may serve some good purpose as international trials. I notice that C. Hawking and Taylor are playing for the western counties to-day. Both men are very nearly, if not quite, up to international form, but they happen to be unfavourably suited for "catching the Speaker's eye." Had they been members, say, of a prominent London club, they would have received their caps long ago.

play centre three-quarter game, and, against first-class teams, he is rather a source of weakness than of strength to his side. He is, in truth, the round peg in the square hole. I have an idea that Fegan would play much better on the wing than in the centre. As a wing player he would not have to pass nearly so much, and his speed and powerful running would make him extremely dangerous. It seems a thousand pities that a man who has almost all the other good qualities should not set himself seriously to learn the passing game.

I was rather amused at reading in a well-known northern contemporary several names of men who would form an ideal back division for Yorkshire. Among the seven names only three were Yorkshiremen; the others were importations. I have no doubt that when professionalism is established in the Rugby world the Yorkshire Fifteen will be composed chiefly of West of England and Welsh players. It seems absurd to speak of the County Championship matches as international trials when we find many of the best men engaged belonging to other nationalities.

At the time of writing opinion seems to be pretty well divided as to the probable issue of the big match between Blackheath and London Scottish next Saturday. Both clubs have shown fluctuating form, and as one can never know until the day of the match what the composition

[Continued on page 49.]





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# THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Edited by CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

## *Contents for November 1894:*

COLOURED FRONTISPIECE: "A REST ON THE WAY."

### LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN AT HOME.

By KATHERINE TYNAN. Photographs by Messrs. Barrauds and Vandyke and Brown.

### CAGED IN CHINA.

By STANLEY LANE-POOLE.

### THE HOUSE WHERE NAPOLEON WAS BORN.

By CAROLINE HOLLAND. Illustrations by Holland Tringham.

### MALACHI.

By GILBERT PARKER. Illustrations by Lancelot Speed.

### THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT.

By VIOLET HUNT. Illustrations by Raymond Potter.

### TO A LADY.

By EDMUND WALLER. Illustration by Gilbert James.

### THE CONVERSATIONAL KANGAROO.

By PHIL ROBINSON. Illustrations by Cecil Aldin.

### THE PESSIMIST OF PLATO ROAD.

By GEORGE GISSING. Illustrations by R. A. Brownlie.

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Drawn by FRED BARNARD.

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of the teams will be, it is hardly safe to make a guess. If one were to take the form of London Scottish against Kensington; when the braw lads romped home anyhow, together with the streaky doings of Blackheath against Old Merchant Taylors', there could only be one result. I have no doubt, however, that Blackheath will make a big effort to be on their best behaviour, and, if possible, beat their most formidable opponents.

It was very cruel of Blackburn Rovers to go and upset the Everton apple-cart. Up to a certain point Everton appeared to be invulnerable. They were playing practically the same eleven week after week: each man knew his neighbour, and the whole team worked together like a machine. Was it the accident to Tommy Innes that threw Everton out of gear? Who knows? In any case, the Rovers, who had done nothing very brilliant before, were just good enough to place one little blot on the scutcheon of Everton. I have no doubt that Sunderland were duly grateful to the Rovers, for the defeat of Everton once more brought Sunderland and the "Toffee" team level. Then we had the great match of the season between the two leaders, Everton and Sunderland, on the ground of the former last Saturday; but criticism of this event must be left over until another week.

In the meantime one must express both astonishment and admiration at the success of North End. Last season the famous old club were in the last four of the League, and we were told that they would be annihilated altogether this season. At the time of writing Preston North End actually hold second place on the League list, and although I hardly expect them to retain their place, I have little doubt that they will finish in the first four. I notice that Jack Gordon is again playing for North End, but he will sorely miss his old partner, Jimmy Ross, who is now playing for Liverpool. It is, perhaps, worthy of note that Liverpool, who were undefeated in the Second League last season, have only won one League match up to date.

Talk about finding Scotchmen at the North Pole! We have just had a communication from Newfoundland enclosing a photo group of a football team connected with the St. Andrew's Athletic Club of that island. Of course, the players are mostly Scotch. The team represented in our photo group is by no means the only one, but it is the most successful. It has won all its engagements, not only against clubs on the island, but against teams selected from the various war-ships calling there. Our correspondent thinks that the St. Andrew's team is quite as good as the one Canada sent to England a few years ago. The Rugby game has also taken root in Newfoundland, and, although the players out there do not profess to be as clever or as scientific as our Scotch and

English clubs, they believe that they would fully hold their own so far as speed is concerned. We are indebted to Mr. George Williamson, secretary of the St. Andrew's Club, for most of our information.

Few men have worked harder in the athletic world than Harry Hewitt Griffin, who tells me that he had a birthday the other week, and that it has launched him into the forties. Mr. Griffin has interested himself in various branches of athletics, but the only one he practises now is his favourite pastime of plunging—not in the Jubilee but in the aquatic sense of the word. Mr. Griffin is a valued and regular contributor to the



Photo by Gordon, Putney.

MR. H. HEWITT GRIFFIN.

Referee, and his annual publication, "Cycles of the Season," is a useful, painstaking, and correct guide to the world of wheels. He is a familiar figure at all the A. A. A. Championships, and in his capacity of handicapper for the National Cyclists' Union Mr. Griffin has achieved an enviable distinction. He lives in a pretty little house at Putney, where he has framed many a sporting idea and many a handicap for the Saturday afternoon athlete.

OLYMPIAN.

## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Jockeys who are sound soon get over an accident. It will be remembered that John Osborne broke his leg at fifty-six, and was out and about in six weeks; but John has studied his health throughout his long life, and, although verging on sixty he walks his dozen miles per day. Many of our younger jockeys are, however, equally robust. I went to see Huxtable in bed the other day, and he informed me that he was to get up just three weeks to the day after having badly fractured his thigh. I thought this a wonderful performance.

A cross-country jockey who does not get so much riding as he should do is George Morris, a nice-looking fellow, with a safe seat in the saddle,

sound judgment, and a good eye. Morris has ridden some big winners in his time, but the victory he likes to tell of best is when he rode Hetty first past the post in royal colours at Sandown Park. The Prince of Wales presented Morris with a handsome pin for riding so well, and George in honour of the event had his little daughter, who was born soon afterwards, christened Hetty. Of course, Morris, with many others who are professionals, suffers from over-competition on the part of the amateur jockeys, who are supposed to ride for the honour and glory of the thing only, but who, oftener than not, make a deal more out of their riding than do the professionals.

Mr. E. Hobson, whose horse won the Cambridgeshire, has long been known on the Turf as a professional backer, and he is one of the few of his class who has made the owning of horses pay. Mr. Hobson was a very small man when he first became connected with the Turf, but he soon got acquainted with Fred Archer, and, I believe, for some time he backed the celebrated jockey's mounts, over which he won a little fortune. Mr. Hobson's little string of horses are trained by his son-in-law, Hobbs, at Lambourne—a healthy spot, by-the-bye.

I am very glad to see Mr. Charley Thompson in the saddle once more. This gentleman has at one time or the other broken pretty well every bone in his body, and yet at the present moment he knows no fear, and he would far rather ride in a three-mile steeplechase than in a flat race. Mr. Thompson has been on a visit to the Continent, and while at Ostend he came across a chance mount in a hurdle race, and bowled over a hot favourite, to the chagrin of the foreigners.

I suggested at the beginning of the season that M. Cannon might head the list of winning jockeys if he enjoyed good health. Cannon has been shining in the saddle of late, and it is just on the cards that he will be the champion jockey of 1894. Cannon keeps himself well by rowing, swimming, and hunting. He has a house-boat on the Thames, which, I hear, has paid its own expenses this year, as it brought in a good rent for the Henley week.

Many of our amateur riders have had plenty of practice on the Continent during the summer, and they ought to be in good form this winter. Some of the professionals complain that they have to stand down to make room for the gentlemen who do not get paid fees, but are put on so much to nothing by owners. It certainly is a very thin red line which divides the amateur and professional rider under National Hunt Rules, and, unfortunately, the balance is in favour of the gentleman. The professionals have a real grievance here, as they have to school the horses and do all the rough riding at home, only to see the animals ridden to victory by strangers. I believe in many cases it would be better for the public if the jockey who rode at exercise were always given the mount in the race.

Cloister is once more in strong work, with a view to running for the Grand National. It was a matter for great regret that the horse should have gone amiss this year. Cloister won the Grand National two years back in a jog-trot, to use the words of Dollery at the time, and if he can be got to stand another preparation weight is not likely to stop him at Aintree. I presume either Escott or Mr. Atkinson will ride the horse if he runs next year.

It is a matter for congratulation that the National Hunt Committee have rejected a proposal to increase the value of prizes, which, if carried, would have killed little meetings like Plumpton, Wye, &c. I have enjoyed many an afternoon at these places, where the sport, although not of high class, is thorough, and the locals would, I am sure, be very sorry to lose the chance of seeing some jumping occasionally. Further, where would the encouragement to breed hunters come in if no prize under £100 in value were allowed to be offered? The proposal was a very stupid one.

Some owners are very unlucky just now. Sir George Chetwynd, seemingly, has tired of running horses, and, beyond a share in Amiable, I do not think Lord Lurgan has any animals in training. Lord Cholmondeley wins a Selling Plate occasionally, but never can secure a big handicap. Sir Charles Hartopp is not successful with his horses, and even Sir Arthur Sullivan can only get second with Cranmer. The Prince of Wales, considering what he has spent over horses, has met with, perhaps, worse luck than any owner on the Turf.



Photo by H. R. Sherborn, Newmarket.

GEORGE MORRIS.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

I am going to live up to my heading this week to the fullest extent, for, if ever fashions deserve the term of "up-to-date," it is when they emanate from one or the other of the seemingly endless departments in that great block of buildings stretching from 256 to 264, Regent Street, and bearing the well-known name of Peter Robinson. Here it is that, at all times and seasons, you may be certain to find a feminine crowd of more or less magnitude, as the case may be or the weather permit, gazing into the windows with a degree of rapt intensity which no other occasion calls forth, and it is interesting and edifying to note how the majority of these gazers gravitate inside, just as surely and naturally as a needle flies to a magnet. Nor was I any exception to the general rule, for, when the other day my eye was caught by some of the eminently smart garments, which acted as veritable woman-traps behind those great expanses

centre by a paste buckle, and underneath, at the foot of the skirt, there are small inserted panels of black velvet, encrusted with jet sequins, to match the yoke. The full, plain sleeves—of the satin—are gathered straight out from the shoulder, and the little velvet collar is fringed with sequins. Naturally, this gown has been expressly created for the benefit of women with good figures, and to all such it is about the most absolutely becoming garment which they could possibly wear, so, as the majority of women nowadays have good figures (whether due principally to Nature or Art it is not necessary to inquire too closely), the success of the "Pouch" dress seems to me to be a foregone conclusion. Then—for variety is always charming—I will ask you to turn to the dinner-gown, which is in an indescribably beautiful shade of pearl-grey satin, brocaded with sprays of tender mauve lilac, interspersed with single pink roses and buds—a lovely combination. The front of the skirt, which is of plain grey satin, is entirely veiled with a gracefully-arranged drapery of yellowish lace, caught up slightly



of plate-glass, I felt constrained to investigate the further store of good things inside of which these were but a foretaste, the result being the three sketches with which I present you this week. It was only after much careful weighing of respective merits in the balance that I decided upon these, I can assure you, for it was hard to pass over an array of the most seductive mantles and any number of fascinating hats and bonnets, to say nothing of toques, but the deed was done at last, and you must make up for my neglect by giving the mantle and millinery department a special amount of attention when you pay your next visit to Mr. Peter Robinson's—a visit which should be made without loss of time, for never has his always attractive stock been quite so attractive as now.

But to the gowns—and perhaps we had better begin with the day dress which has been christened "The Pouch," by reason of the shape of its loose, overhanging yoke, which, in this case, is of black velvet, thickly embroidered with jet sequins in a very effective design, the fulness being caught in across the bust by a band of mink fur, finished at the left side with a black satin bow of goodly dimensions. At the back the yoke, which is quite tight-fitting, is ornamented in the same way with sequin embroidery and fur. The dress itself is made in Princess style, and to the uninitiated masculine beholder, at any rate, it becomes a matter for awed wonder, for no visible means of fastening is to be seen, and, indeed, it would take a very sharp feminine eye to discover where the perfectly-cut bodice is joined together by means of the ordinary hook and eye. As to the material, it is black satin, patterned with tiny dice-like spots of white satin and black velvet, a most effective result being secured by the combination; at each side, just below the waist, there are two black satin rosettes, fastened in the

at each side with a huge bow of the brocade, of which the full-pleated back is also composed. The bodice is outlined at the waist by a band of delicate leaf-green velvet, tied in a smart little bow at each side in front, and this lovely velvet again appears in the back of the bodice, which is altogether charming, and is finished with a very becoming fluted collar of velvet, lined with brocade, and arranged in butterfly fashion, a loose knot, or rather jabot, of lace falling from the centre. Over the shoulders pass braces of the velvet, and there is a full vest of lace, the brocade forming pleats at each side, and opening out at the top of the corsage into four quaint little cup-shaped puffings, in each of which nestles a full-blown rose of velvet in a slightly darker shade of green. Now there are only left to chronicle the puffed elbow sleeves with their prettily-gathered cuffs, and I can only hope that I have given you some idea of a gown which, both as regards colouring and design, is uniquely beautiful.

Next comes the turn of the tea-gown, a charming confection in moiré antique, of the hue of a Neapolitan violet, shot with an equally tender shade of eau-de-Nil. The front is quite plain, and across the yoke there is an appliqué band of handsome écaré guipure, the softly-draped collar being of mauve chiffon, forming a bow in front, while at the back there is a square collar of écaré net, bordered with the guipure. The back, tight-fitting to the waist, opens out into large pleats, which form the slight train, and from the shoulders falls a graceful scarf drapery of the mauve chiffon, bordered with cascades of the mellow-tinted and lace-edged net, and which, after reaching to the bottom of the skirt, is caught up into the centre of the train with exceedingly pretty effect. Truly, an ideal tea-gown, which needs no further words of mine to commend it to you, and which will, I am certain,

[Continued on page 53.]



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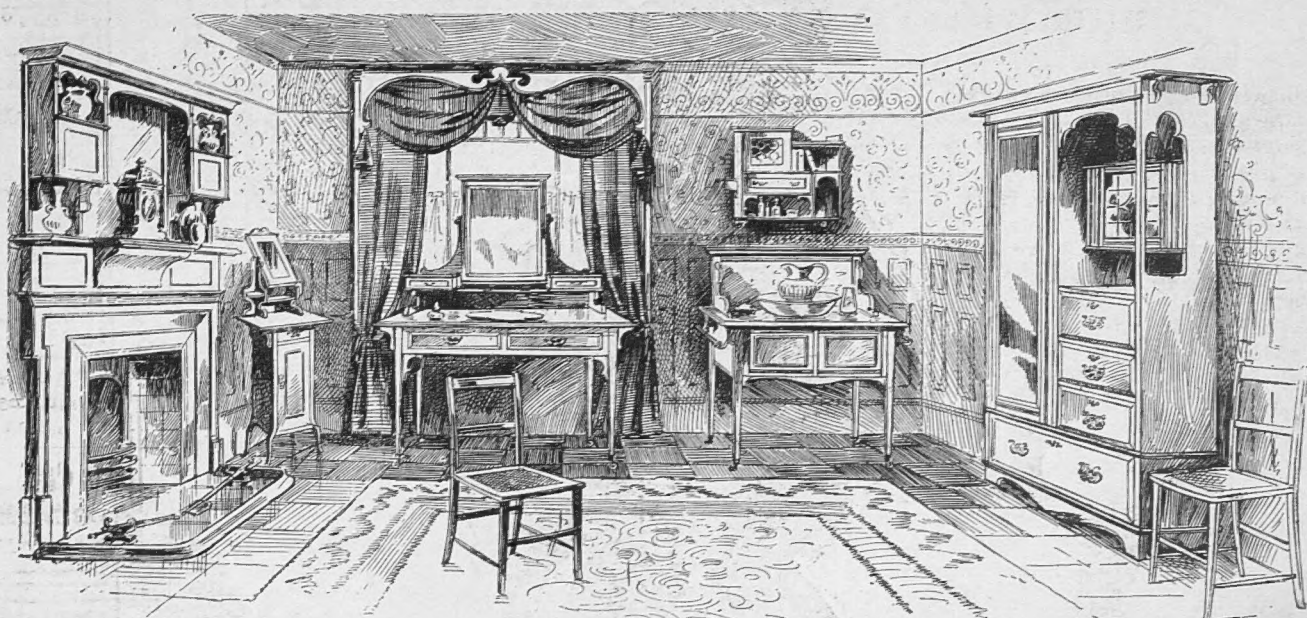
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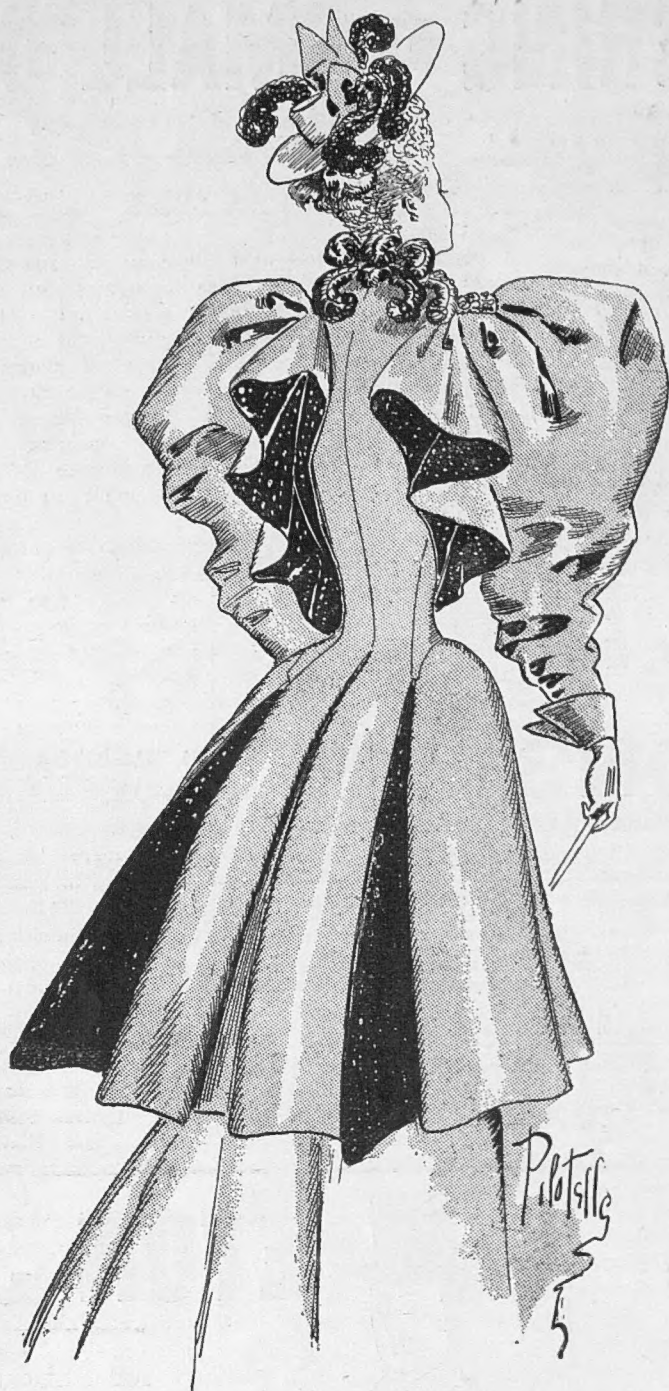
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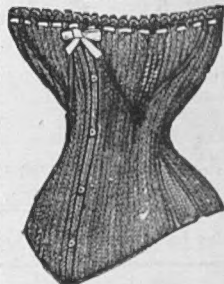
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complete your conquest, and send you speeding off to Regent Street (Nos. 256 to 264) to see for yourself these three widely differing but equally perfect gowns, and many more besides. One special word, though, I must give to the charming array of evening gowns for young ladies, which can be had complete from six guineas upwards, a modest sum, considering that one at this price is of creamy white crêpon, the front panel of the skirt bordered with eau-de-Nil satin ribbon, forming a choux at the foot, while at each side there is a panel of white silk enriched with an appliqué of opal-tinted velvet, outlined with gold. The bodice can be made in any desired style. Another and slightly more expensive dress is of rose-pink silk, veiled with beautifully embroidered white silk muslin, and trimmed with bands and bows of pink moiré ribbon; and there are dozens of equally attractive examples if you will go and investigate on your own account.

#### A NEW MATERIAL.

Dame Fashion has set the seal of her special approval upon velvet this season, and, in consequence, it is being used with generous impartiality for gowns and trimmings and coats and capes, the effect, as to appearance, being undoubtedly handsome and becoming, though that upon our purses and dress allowances would be somewhat disastrous if there were not such a thing as velveteen, the very generally accepted and not-to-be-distinguished substitute for velvet. Though this is all very well for fine weather, when we can revel in our velvet or velveteen garments to our heart's content, let the rain but descend, be it ever so gently, and their glory will most certainly begin to fade, and, if the wetting process is repeated, finally disappear altogether. There was only one way out of the difficulty, one method by which the velvet-clad woman could be

rendered superior to the changes and chances of the English climate, and that way has been found by the modern inventive genius which has given to us the new "Millerain" rain-proof velveteen, a material for which women in general cannot be too thankful. That it will be absolutely impervious to the heaviest shower you may rest assured when I tell you that, in order to thoroughly test it, I gathered up a piece, bag fashion, in my hands, and into it I emptied the whole of a large jug of water, letting it remain there for nearly ten minutes. At the end of that time, when the water had been poured away, the velvet bore no more traces of its presence than the proverbial duck's back, and, of course, the heaviest downpour of rain would hardly put it to such a severe test as this. The advantages of such a

material are endless, and almost too obvious to need much comment, but I must tell you that this "Millerain" velveteen, in addition to being perfectly rainproof, is healthful, through being porous, and distinctly economical on account of its durability, while the finish given to its appearance by the process adds greatly to its beauty. It can be had in every imaginable hue and shade, including all the newest and most fashionable colours, and it is kept by all the leading drapers throughout the kingdom, so, if you take my advice, you will not let another week go by without providing yourself with some of this really wonderful material. It would, of course, lend itself specially to the making of serviceable and beautiful cloaks, and, as the weather will very soon render warm garments of this kind a necessity, our artist has designed for you a carriage or theatre cloak, to be made in "Millerain" velveteen of a deep and beautiful amethyst shade—or, of course, any other colour you may prefer—the full front falling in straight folds from a yoke outlined by a band of sable, and the triple shoulder-capes (in a darker shade of velveteen) arranged in a novel manner, and bordered with an effective embroidery in jet sequins. The high roll collar is encircled at the base by a complete sable skin, and the great sleeves are capacious enough to go with ease over the most exaggerated dress-sleeve, so, altogether, I think you will say that this is one of the most becoming and beautiful showerproof garments which anyone could desire. Without a doubt, the "Millerain" velveteen will be one of the most notable successes of the season, as, indeed, it well deserves to be.

By-the-way, I must not forget to tell you something which I should have told you last week, and that is that the new electric tea-kettle just brought out by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, upon which I then discoursed to you, is to be had from the City house, 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. (facing the Mansion House), as well as from the Oxford Street branch. All Messrs. Mappin and Webb's novelties are invariably on sale at both

houses, and if by chance there is any misguided husband or male relative of any kind who endeavours to shirk the masculine duty of purchasing—or, at any rate, paying for purchases—by saying that he cannot get so far as Oxford Street, he cannot by any possible stretch of imagination suggest that an establishment which is opposite that centre of the business heart of London is out of his way.

FLORENCE.

#### "THE LADY SLAVEY," AT THE AVENUE.

If some serious theatrical disasters do not happen in a short time, apparently there will be little occupation for players who cannot sing and dance. There are now two comic operas running, and four musical farces or comedies, while three more works of the latter class will see the footlights within a few days. Never, I imagine, has there been such a rage behind the scenes for light musico-dramatic entertainments. It can hardly be expected that all will thrive, and one is disposed to scrutinise the new comers very curiously. Putting aside "His Excellency," the latest that I can discuss is "The Lady Slavey." It came to town with a great provincial reputation, and everyone was prepared for the best.

How far they are right who allege that Mr. Dance's piece has been injured by changes made to render it palatable to what is supposed to be the hypercritical taste of Londoners it is hard for me to say; but I can assert that as it stands it promises to prove successful, even at the Avenue. Much in it really is good of its kind, and it will not be difficult, by judicious omissions and additions, to render it gay and amusing. Perhaps the sentimentalists groan a little at the way in which Perrault's dear old story of "Cendrillon" has been treated. Possibly people with a keen sense of humour will smile contemptuously at the curious mixture of the ultra-sentimental and the super-farcical; but even if the people with a keen sense of humour stay away "The Lady Slavey" will not be very much the poorer.

The subject of "Cinderella Up-to-Date" of course offers two pretty sisters, and not the ugly creatures of the tale, in which one suspects some connection with "King Lear." These two compete with the youngest—who, in order to give style to their father's house, is disguised as housemaid, or parlour-maid, or waitress, as they call it in the north—for the wealth and affections of an American millionaire called the "Tomato King." It seems certain that the trio, Miss May Yohé, Miss Blanche Barnett, and Miss Adelaide Astor, will draw most of the town. Who could look prettier than Miss Yohé when dressed in the daintiest waiting-maid's gown that a first-class milliner can design? Some critics find fault with her singing, and doubt her acting—no observer can dispute her popularity. Miss Blanche Barnett looks very handsome, acts fairly, and sings exceedingly well; her part might be lengthened with advantage.

I must begin a new paragraph for Miss Astor. With even less voice than her sister, Miss Letty Lind, she produces a good effect in her song of "Dorothy Flopp," and the only fault one can find with her dancing is that there is too little of it. Her *technique* is not remarkable, but her sense of rhythm and her natural gracefulness are. Any playgoer can guess that Mr. Charles Danby, first as a sheriff's officer and then disguised as a millionaire, will be funny, vigorously funny, and, though one may regret his want of restraint, no one is able to refuse him laughter. I went on the second night, when, as result of first-night criticism, the piece had been suddenly chopped and changed, and, of course, was at its worst; and so, seeing how well it went under the circumstances, I imagine that it may be worked up into a piece that will deservedly outlive some of its rivals.

MONOCLE.

#### AT THE MUSICAL EXCHANGE.

It is a happy idea on the part of the Musical Exchange to hold "at homes" on five afternoons each week, lasting one hour, and bringing forward to public notice a large variety of musicians. On the occasion when I was present in the handsome drawing-room at Hanover Square, the programme included vocal selections, a whistling solo, "Sing, sweet bird," and a violin solo, capitably rendered by a young lady. To me, however, the feature of the afternoon was Mr. Alexander Watson's splendid recitation. It was a piece which gave him fullest scope for all the powers of pathos and humour which he possesses in so high a degree. Mr. Watson's refined style and flexible voice charmed everyone.

x.

#### BANANAS WITH MUTTON.

I have been staying for a few days on the South Coast, where I had hoped to find that little Indian summer that I have before now found so pleasant in that part of the world in October. This year it has, like its more important predecessor, been postponed, and gales and rain have been more conspicuous than brilliant sunshine. At the little place which I made my headquarters, not a hundred miles from the historic seat of a great Catholic duke, I heard rather an amusing story of a farmer in the neighbourhood, who, with my informant, recently sat down to a dinner in a well-known hostelry in the neighbouring town. The farmer was unaccustomed to see the dessert in the centre of the table, and, being conveniently placed near a dish of bananas—a fruit with which he was not familiar—he helped himself to a couple, as an addition to a plateful of Southdown mutton. "Hallo!" exclaimed a more knowing neighbour, "you can't eat bananas with mutton." "Yes, I can, if I like," was the reply, and he did it, too, rather than confess his ignorance.—z.



## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Oct. 27, 1894.

The superabundance of floating capital was well exemplified this week, when even the necessity of providing £1,400,000 for the call upon the guaranteed shares of the Bank of New Zealand on Friday did not nominally raise the price of call money. Discounts are firm at the present abnormally low rates, but all efforts to demand better terms for the present, at least, meet with very poor success.

The general tone of the markets for the last two days has been very much more cheerful, and both the royal patients are reported to be improving. In the case of the Czar, we fear it is but deferring the inevitable for a few days or weeks; but if a crisis in Afghanistan can be avoided it will be a distinct advantage.

Home rails, which were very miserable in the early part of the week, have been better supported during the last two days; but the rise in values has been merely nominal, despite the end of the strike in Scotland and other points which might have been expected to assist the bulls. Whatever may be the course of prices in the immediate future, we expect the results of the current half-year will, as a rule, be disappointing, and certainly below those of the corresponding period in 1892. When we remember the fact that every adverse influence falls upon the holders of the ordinary stocks, it is abundantly self-evident that prices have for a long time ruled too high for the prudent investor. We can see no reason why a careful man should buy the ordinary stock of a big railway to pay him less than 4 per cent., considering the risk he runs, and we shall not advise, except as a speculation, any client to be a holder of Home rails at present figures, which, in many cases, will not give a return equal to that of first-class corporation stocks.

The money articles of the *Daily News* have for many years been a model of what might be expected from a great London daily paper, and

we are happy to be able to send you this week the photograph of Mr. Edward R. McDermott, who has contributed not a little to the unique position which the money columns of the leading Liberal organ occupy in the financial world. When Mr. Crump was City editor of the *Times*, in the heyday of the May-Salomonson-Pollock gang, the *Daily News* was steered clear of the quicksands by the wisdom and probity of Mr. Ellis, its then editor, but he was called on to take up the reins of government which Mr. Crump resigned, and the *Daily News* was handed over to Mr. McDermott, of whom it can be said with great truth that he stepped into the shoes of a man whose place it was very difficult to fill, and has worthily maintained the tradi-



Photo by G. F. Treble, Clapham, S. W.

tions of his predecessor. The politics of the *Daily News* are distasteful to nine out of ten City men, and no better tribute can be paid to its City Editor than the marked importance which is attached to its financial intelligence by even its bitterest political opponents.

The long continuance of the receiverships in the case of so many Yankee railways, and the small prospect of any acceptable scheme being put forward in the majority of cases, is very disappointing, and, no doubt, helps to depress an already unhappy market. Probably, in the course of the next ten days we shall have Mr. Little's report on the true position of the Atchison road, but, meanwhile, the public maintains an attitude of complete unconcern, and neither traffics, monthly statements, nor tips will induce even the smallest amount of speculative activity. For the moment, at least, the Yankee market is quite neglected, and stocks keep daily dropping away in fractions for lack of support.

The position of the Grand Trunk Railway, as disclosed by the directors' report for the last half-year, is very nearly desperate, but when the share and bond holders look at the sixteen weeks' returns for the period since that report, the true nature of the crisis before them is even more evident. Surely it is time an end was made of the Tyler-Hamilton rule, or the inevitable receivership will overtake the road. After paying the preference charges, the first six months of the year

show a credit balance of £54 15s. 5d. upon £43,000,000 of invested capital, and already there is a decrease for the current half-year of £359,628 in the gross take. The accounts are presented in a form which makes any real knowledge of the position mere guesswork, and unless some strong measures are taken, the concern must drift into bankruptcy. We hear that the organisation which has been started on behalf of the shareholders is in communication with the board, which, in its despair, is willing to buy off opposition at any price short of giving up its directors' fees; but we warn you, dear Sir, that so long as you and your fellow-shareholders allow the affairs of this great company to remain in the hands of Sir Henry Tyler and my Lord Claud J. Hamilton, you will live to regret it. There should be no peace which did not include among its terms a clean sweep of the present management.

The sensation of the week has been the collapse in Mexican Rails upon the dividend announcement. The first preference stock has dropped as much as 7½ in one day, while the other stocks of the line have suffered to a corresponding extent. You will remember, dear Sir, that a few months ago, when a certain "bucket shop" was recommending the second preference as a good speculation at 44, we warned you on several occasions to leave it severely alone, and as from that day to this the price has receded, and at present stands at 31, you will be glad that you have followed our advice. It is said that the same operators, and several other outside brokers, are also large bulls of the first preference stock at about 77, in which case there is likely to be trouble at the end of this nineteen-day account. We take a gloomy view of the future, so far as any stock except the first preference goes, and we are thankful that neither yourself or any other client of ours has reason to reproach us for recommending Mexican Rails.

Another large parcel of Baring estate stocks has been sold, and the amount due to the Bank is now below two millions. Despite all the official contradictions the new Chinese loan, of which we told you a month ago, is now publicly announced. It will be a silver issue, bear 7 per cent. interest, and be secured on the custom receipts of the treaty ports. It is said that Canton is also going to try its hand at borrowing, but we do not vouch for the information. We hear the Agent-General for Western Australia is very anxious to get his name removed from the directorate of a mine which was to have been issued next week. Chancery proceedings are pending on the subject, and will come before Mr. Justice Stirling in Court on Tuesday next.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

## COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectus has reached us—

THE CARLYLE GOLD MINES, LIMITED, is offering 50,000 £1 shares for subscription. The reports are made a good deal of, but, if carefully read, do not amount to much. Why the directors should intend to give the promoters more cash than they are obliged, we fail to see, as in any event the mine is not likely to be quoted in the official list—very few mines are ever quoted—and to obtain a quotation is the only object of complying with the so-called regulations of the Stock Exchange. The issue is best left alone.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SKETIC.—We have read and returned the enclosures you sent us. We advise you more seriously than ever to have nothing to do with the concern. It is as true of companies as of individuals that they may be known by the friends they associate with, and—well, we don't like the friends in this case.

SHARES.—(1) One of the Aaron's Reef group. No market for the shares, and probably valueless. (6) This concern has been reconstructed twice, and we believe, from your description, that the shares you hold are those of the first reconstruction. If so, they are valueless. Write to the Secretary, 3 and 5, Queen Street, Chancery Lane. (7, 8, 12, 13) We believe all these companies, which were allied, are in liquidation. The promoters of some of them were prosecuted. (9) In liquidation, we believe. Of the others in your list we know nothing, and no one on the market seems able to give us information. The whole list is a sad one, and it is evident your late friend has been the victim of two groups of fairly well-known outside touts. If you want searches made at Somerset House, and accurate information, we will instruct our solicitors to see what can be done, but you will have to pay the fee. Write again if you think it worth while.

G. M.—We do not think you have anything to fear from the telephone, which, for the present, is more likely to improve the business of cable companies than injure it.

S. Y. N.—See footnote to last week's answers to correspondents. We cannot advertise dealers or brokers in this column, but if you pay the fee for a private letter we will send you by post the information you want.

DOMINUS.—(1) We advise no dealings with the firm in question. (2) All right, we believe; but once in, you would probably find it hard to get out if you wanted to sell. (3) You have excluded the best of these concerns. The others are little dealt in, but the Great Western Farm Dairies Company is a flourishing concern, also the Alliance Dairy Company. The Belgravia Dairy Company is quoted in the official list, and is a sound and respectable affair.

RUSSELL.—We can see no sense in either of the stocks you mention for investment, as none of them will give you more than 3½ for your money under any circumstances, and in the case of No. 1 the yield will probably be not more than 3 per cent. If you must buy one of the three, we prefer No. 2. We cannot predict the course of the market, but intrinsically we consider the ordinary stocks of all the big lines far too high, considering the risk of strikes, bad trade, and other like contingencies.

J. R.—We cordially agree with your letter, but we cannot make the editor see matters in the same light. We have handed him your letter, and hope he will take it to heart.

HUSBAND.—We strongly urge you not to insure with the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association. Mr. A. J. Wilson, City editor of the *Standard*, has never done a better day's work than when he exposed its methods. Write to Messrs. Longmans for a copy of Mr. Wilson's booklet.